
Madame *de Sevigné's*
LETTERS.

VOL. II.

Madame de Sevigne

LETTERS

VOL. II.

LETTERS.

LETTER LXXI.

Paris, Monday, Nov. 16, 1673.

I Affure you, my Dear, that I am very much disturbed about your Siege of *Orange*: I can have no Quiet in my Mind, till Mr. *de Grignan* has extricated himself out of that ridiculous Affair. It was thought here at first, that no other Ammunition besides roasted Apples would be wanting to carry on that Siege. *Guilleragues* said it was only a Duel, a single Combat between Mr. *de Grignan* and the Governour of *Orange*; and that Mr. *de Grignan* ought to be proceeded against, as a Duelist, and to lose his Head. We have made the Truth a little appear in Opposition to these unlucky Witticisms: And Madame *de Richlieu*, with her usual Goodness, told the King at Dinner, how the Case stands. Several Persons are rightly informed of it at present; and People begin now to go from one Extreme to another, and to say, that Mr. *de Grignan* will not succeed in it; and that he ought not to undertake to force two hundred Men with Cannon, since he has no other Troops than the *Galerians*, who are not much esteemed for a Siege. MONSIEUR the Duke, and Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* are persuaded, that he will not get the Better of them. You know the World is always in Extremes. The Event will determine every thing: I wish it may prove successful. I can have no Joy or Tranquillity, till I know the

End of it : I should be very sorry, if Mr. *Grignan* should be worsted in this little Expedition.

I have made your Compliments to *Branca*; he is persuaded, that you would not at present be Proof against any One, who could offer you the Suffrages of two Consuls. *Madame la Connétable Colonne* was found upon the *Rhine* in a Boat amongst some Peasants; she was going I do not know whether, into some remote Part of *Germany*. *Mademoiselle de Meri* sends to me that she has the Head-ach so violently, that she cannot write to you; she begs me to make her Amities to you. Those you make to me in all your Letters are so extremely tender and natural, that scarce any thing else is talked of, but the Excess of our mutual Tenderness and Affection. I have in my Pocket Letters of Mr. *de Coulanges*, and of Mr. *d'Agueville*, which speak of nothing but me. It is true, that I have enjoyed more of your Friendship and Affection in my Voyage, than I should have done in all my Life. I perceived it very plainly, and that Time was very precious to me; you can scarce comprehend the Uneasiness I suffered in seeing it pass away so swiftly. You are too grateful, my Dear; alas! for how slender Obligations! When I consider that all my Good-will to you produces nothing real, I am ashamed of what you say in return to it: It is true, that my Intention is good, and that it gives me sometimes such happy Turns of Expression, when I am speaking of your Interests, as would not be
disa-

L E T T E R S.

disagreeable, if I had Power or Influence equal to my Fluency of Speech.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1673.

WE were stopped short the other Day by Mr. *de Pompone*, who assured us, that he had writ to the *Intendant*, to desire him, that if he could not hinder the Opposition, he would at least leave to the Assembly the Liberty of giving their Opinions: We did not then dare to let him understand, that we desired something farther. But as I am continually thinking on your Affairs, I told Mr. *d'Agueville*, that I desired once for all to be able to make a Judgment of the Difficulty there would be in speaking to the King of this Affair, in order to know what might be depended on, and to endeavour to get free from that Servitude, which the Bishop of *Marseilles* knows how to make use of in so generous a Manner. Madame *de la Fayette* encouraged us in this Design; and To-morrow we are to set out, he and I alone, without any other Intention than to dine with Mr. *de Pompone*, and consider what Turn it will be proper to give to this Business. We intend to go purely on this single Design, without admitting a Thought of any thing besides; we will see neither King nor Queen; I shall be in a plain Dress, and we will only pay a Visit to Mr. *de Pompone* himself. When One thinks of paying One's Court, it gives

a certain Distraction of Thought, not at all suitable to our Design : I will return a few Days after to pay my Devoirs. To-morrow the great *d'Agueville* and I are to have only you in our Thoughts ; I shall return in the Evening and write to you.

I saw Yesterday Madame *de Souliers*, with whom I talked a great while ; she told me, that *Bodinar* was entirely in the Interest of the Bishop of *Marseilles* ; I replied, that I did not believe it ; she assured me that she knew it very well ; I said we should see. She told me a hundred little Things, which made me grow pretty warm ; but as you have no need of being provoked more than you have already been, I shall not acquaint you with them.

I have never suffered more Inquietude than I feel at present, as well for the Siege of *Orange*, as for your Affairs at the Assembly ; I am more taken up with them, than if I was with you.

Mr. the Marquis *de Souliers* came To-day to see me with the little *la Garde*, who is in my Opinion very agreeable ; you may tell Madame the President what I say of him ; they are all of them setting out from hence in a few Days. I am of Opinion that Mr. *de Souliers* is going to list himself under the Banner of *St. Ursula*, and he will probably encrease the Number of your Enemies. Farewell, my Dear, till To-morrow Evening at my Return from *Versailles*.

LETTER LXXIII.

Paris, Nov. 20, 1673.

I Am just returned, my Dear, from *Versailles*, where I have been, as it were, in a Veil. I have seen Nobody but Mr. *de Pomponne*; we dined alone with him; his Wife and his Sister-in-law were at *Pomponne*. After Dinner, we talked together a full Hour, considering and reasoning upon what was to be done, in order to leave to the Assembly the Liberty of deliberating in spite of the Opposition. You would have been charmed with Mr. *de Pomponne*, if you had seen in what Manner he entred into all this Reasoning, and into the Choice of what is most for your Advantage. I have never seen so agreeable a Friend; for such he shewed himself To-day in Perfection. After having maturely considered this Affair, in a thousand different Manners, *d'Agueville* and he, with all the Leisure and Application that could be desired, they concluded that we ought to wait till the Siege of *Orange* was ended, in order to make that a favourable Occasion of rendering this Opposition odious; and to stay till the Opposition was begun, because it would be time enough then for his Majesty to order it to be deliberated upon. The Assembly is not yet brought to a Conclusion, and that is sufficient. They thought, that to speak of it at present, was to begin too soon about a Thing which was not yet done, and which perhaps never will be done. And

A 3

as

as the Affair of *Orange* is not yet ended neither, so the Expence that will be made in it will not have so much Weight, till the Success of it appears: So that there might be Reason to fear an unfavourable, or at least an undeterminate Answer: Whereas this Affair may be so dextrously turned in a few Days, that you will doubtless have Reason to expect a satisfactory Determination of it. Mr. *de Pomponne* is very much concerned at the Excess your Divisions are carried to; he is perswaded that the *Intendant* will hinder the Opposition, and that the Assembly will have Liberty to deliberate. It is impossible to write in stronger Terms than he has writ on this Subject, and that even to the Bishop of *Marseilles* himself. He resolves to have you all together after the Assembly is over, and to make a perfect Reconciliation between you. Leave it to him when it is proper, or not, to demand your *Congé*; you need not fear his doing any thing at an improper Time. He has never been desired, or had the least Thought of leaving to any others, beside your selves, the Care of opening, or of holding the Assembly: These are empty Imaginations. He thinks you are long in setting out for *Orange*; it is the general Subject of Discourse here; and you are obliged to Mr. *de Vivonne*, and to Mr. *de Gordes*, for not treating it as a Trifle; and for saying, that if you should not succeed with your pitiful Regiment of *Galerians*, and your embroidered Gentry, who serve only for the Decoration of the Siege, it would not be in the least surprising.

All

All my Friends are got into a Rote of telling me that I am handsome; they even importune me with it: I believe it is for no other Reason but that they are at Loss to find any other Discourse to entertain me with. Alas! my little Eyes are quite sunk into my Head; I have the Vexation not to be able to sleep till five in the Morning; and after all this they pretend to admire me. Our Friend *d'Agueville* does not write to you this Evening; but I herewith send you the News he had writ for you in the Morning. He is very well contented with our little Journey tho' we have done nothing. It is no small Matter to be determined; and to know what we have to do.

MONSIEUR the Prince and the Duke his Son are returned, very well pleased that your Imagination is no longer obliged to travel over *Flanders* in search of them. If they had not before made a sufficient Provision of Laurels, those they have won this Year would not be sufficient to defend or to adorn them. *Bon* is taken: This is all is done this Campaign. Mr. *de Turenne* is desirous to return home, and to put the Army, in which my Son is, into Winter-Quarters: All the Officers say, Amen.

Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* does not stir from *Versailles*; the King sends for him, and makes him sit by Madame *de Montespan* to hear the Rehearsal of an Opera, which will surpass all that we have yet heard; you must come and see it. We make no doubt of your having your *Congé*, nor of the Necessity of your

coming hither with the Bishop of *Marfeilles*: we have been saying, that you may both of you come up in the same Coach. In a word, Expedients must be found. Do not neglect consulting upon every Occasion Monsieur the * Archbishop; he is the Source of good Sense and wise Expedients; and if you had him not in your Family, you ought to go in search of him, to the farthest Part of *Provence*. There are Occasions where his Presence would perhaps have a great Effect. I am persuaded that he would spare neither his Pains nor his Health to be serviceable to you. When I consider that the Bishop spends his Money, I cannot comprehend that he has any Thoughts of yeilding. As for an Agreement between you, I wish it, and shall always continue wishing it, tho' I should only consider the Mischief this Quarrel does to your Person, and to your Temper. I am not the only Person who is in these Sentiments. My Dear, I am devoted to you, to Mr. *de Grignan* and the Coadjutor. You do well in loving me: I defy you all to love better than I do.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Paris, November 29, 1673.

I must begin, my Dear by telling you of the Death of the Comte *de Guiche*: This is the chief Subject of Discourse here at present. This

The Archbishop of *Arles*, who in these Letters is always stiled the Coadjutor.

This poor Youth died of Sicknefs and Fatigue in the Army of Mr. de Turenne; the News of it came on *Tuesday* Morning. Father *Bourdaloue* went to acquaint the Marshal *de Gramont* with it; who feared it at the first Sight of him, knowing the declining State of his Son. He made every one go out of his Chamber (he was then in a little Apartment he has near the Convent of the *Capucins*) as soon as he found himself alone with the Father, he threw himself upon his Neck, telling him he divined too well what he had to say to him; that it was to him his Death-stroke, and that he received it from the Hand of God; that he lost the true, the only Object of all his Tendernefs, and all his natural Inclination; that he had never had any sensible Joy, or any violent Grief, but for the sake of this Son, who had in him something extraordinary. He threw himself on a Bed, as no longer able to support his Greif, but without weeping, for Tears are not permitted to Heroes. The Father wept, who all this while had not said a Word. He began to comfort him with some religious Discourse, in which he employed his well known Zeal and Eloquence. They were six Hours shut up together; after which the Father, to induce him to make a compleat Sacrifice, led him to the Church of these good *Capucins*, where a Vigil was said for his Son. He entered the Church fainting and trembling, supported more by the Crowd surrounding him on every Side, than by his Feet; his Visage was so much disfigured with Grief, that

that he could scarce be known. *MONSIEUR* the Duke saw him in this lamentable Condition, and related it to us at *Madame de la Fayette's*, not without Tears. The poor Marshal returned at last to his little Apartment, where he remains, like a Man under Sentence of Death. The King has writ to him. No Body is admitted to see him. *Madame de Monaco* is entirely inconsolable, and refuses to see Company. *La Louvigny* is likewise incapable of receiving Comfort, but it is only because she has not the least Affliction. Do not you admire the Luckiness of this Creature? She is in a Moment become Dutches of *Gramont*. The Chancellor's Lady is transported with Joy: The Comtess *de Guiche* behaves admirably well, when they tell her all the kind Things her Husband said, and the civil Excuses he made to her, when he was dying. She says, he was a very amiable Man; I should have loved him passionately, if he had loved me in any Degree; I suffered his Contempt with Grief, and his Death touches me with the tenderest Pity; I always hoped that he would change his Sentiments with regard to me. This is certainly true; there is not the least Fiction in it. *Madame de Verneuil* feels a real Concern on this Occasion. I believe it will be sufficient, if you only desire me to make your Compliments to her; so you need only write to the Comtess *de Guiche*, and to *la Monaco*, and *la Louvigny*. As for *d'Agueville*, he has been desired to go *Frasé*, thirty Leagues from hence, to tell this News to *Madame la Marechale de Gramont*, and to carry

carry her a Letter writ by this poor Gentleman a little before he died. He has made an ample Confession of all the Faults of his past Life; he has repented, and asked Pardon in a Publick Manner. He desired of *Vardes* to pardon him, and has sent to tell him a great many things which he may be the better for. In a Word, he has ended the Comedy very well, and has left a rich and a happy Widow. The Chancellor's Lady is so thoroughly sensible, as she says, of the little Satisfaction this poor Lady must have had in this Marriage, that she thinks of nothing but repairing this Misfortune; and if she could find some *Ethiopian* King, she would part with every thing to marry her Grand-Daughter to him. For our Parts, we are at a loss for a proper Match for her. You will perhaps name for her, as we have done, Mr. *de Marillac*; but neither he nor she have the least Inclination to each other: The other two are too young. Mr. *de Foix* is reserved for Mademoiselle *de Roquelaure*. Think a little for us: For the Affair is pressing. I have sent you, my Dear, a tedious Account of little Particularities, but you tell me sometimes that you like such minute Histories.

The Fame of the taking of *Orange* sounds very agreeably here for Mr. *de Grignan*. The great Number of Gentlemen drawn thither by their Attachement for him, the vast Expence, and above all, the Success, for that is the principal Point; all this does Honour to Mr. *de Grignan*, and gives a sensible Pleasure to all his Friends, who are not a few here:

here ; this general Approbation is very agreeable. The King said at Supper, '*Orange* is taken ; *Grignan* had with him seven Hundred Gentlemen ; they fired from within the Walls, and the third Day they surrendered. I am very well satisfied with *Grignan*.' This Discourse has been related at large to me ; *la Garde* can recite it with greater Exactness.

As for your Archbishop of *Reims*, I do not know what he Means. *La Garde*, would have mentioned to him the Expence you have been at : Good ! says he, the Expence ! this is always the Story ; People love to be complaining. But, Sir, said, *La Garde*, Mr. de *Grignan* could not avoid being at a vast Expence, considering the great Number of Gentlemen, who came together for his sake : You should say for the Service of the King. That is true, Sir, said he, but there was no Order for it ; it was to oblige Mr. de *Grignan* by serving the King, which was the Design of that Assembly. In a word, my Dear, this is nothing ; you know that he is in other Respects a good Friend ; but there are some Days when the Spleen prevails, and those Days are unlucky.

I have News from our States at *Bretagne*. Mr. the Marquis de *Coesquen* has thought fit to attack Mr. d' *Harouy* ; he was pleased to say, that he only was rich, while all *Bretagne* was oppressed with Poverty ; and that he knew Persons, who might supply that Post better than he. Mr. *Boucherat*, Mr. de *La-wardin*, and all *Bretagne*, were ready to stone him,

him, and were struck with Horror at his Ingratitude; for he has a thousand Obligations to Mr. d' Haroüy. Upon this he has received a Letter from Madame de Rohan, ordering him to go to Paris, because Mr. de Chaulnes had an Order to forbid him to be present at the States; so he disappeared the Evening before the Governor arrived; and he remains in Disgrace there for the infamous Accusation he designed against Mr. d' Haroüy. This, my Dear, is what your Title of Governess of *la Bretagne* obliges me to inform you of.

I am just come from visiting Mr. de Pomponne; he was alone; I was two Hours with him, and Mademoiselle l'Avocat, who is very pretty. Mr. de Pomponne very well comprehended what it was we desired of him, in case a Courier should come, and will do it without Question: But he says one thing that is true, which is that your *Syndic* will be chosen before the breaking up of your Council is heard of; he believes it is done already. To tell you all the agreeable and obliging Things that were said in your Favour, and all the engaging Conversations I have had with that Minister, not all the Paper in my *Porte-Feuille* would suffice. I am perfectly satisfied with him, and I desire you to be so upon my Word; he will be much pleased to see you, and counts upon your Return.

We read with Pleasure a great Part of your Letters; you have been admired as well for your Stile, as for the Interest you take in these Affairs. Say not a Word more to undervalue your Manner of Writing: We think sometimes

times our Letters must be confused, because we are embarrassed with a thousand different Thoughts; but all this Confusion passes in our own Heads, and the Letter comes out distinct and natural; it is thus all yours are.

LETTER LXXV.

Paris, December 18, 1673.

IT is about a Year since we supped with the Archbishop; at present perhaps you sup with the Intendant: I am afraid, my Dear, you do not make a sincere Debauch there. All that you say on this Head to me, and to *Corbinelly*, is admirable. My Heart thanks you for the good Opinion you have of it, in believing it has an Abhorrence of all villainous Proceedings. You are not deceived in it; the Bishop's Manner of acting strikes me with Horror.

Mr. *de Grignan* tells you true: Madame *de Thiange* has left off Red, and hides her Bosom; you would hardly know her in this Disguise. She is frequently with Madame *de Longueville*; and is the very Pink of the modish Devotion. But she is still good Company, and has not at all the Air of a Recluse. I dined with her the other Day; a Servant brought her a Glass of a rich sort of Wine; she turned to me laughing, and said, this Boy does not know that I am become a Devoteé; she was very diverting. She speaks very naturally of her Intentions, and of her Change. She is very cautious of saying any thing that may injure the Reputation of her Neighbour; and stops short, when any thing of that Nature

ture escapes her; for my Part I think her more agreeable than ever. People venture to lay Wagers that the Princess *de Harcourt* will not continue a Year to be a Devotée, notwithstanding she is become a Lady of the Palace, and that she will return to the Use of Red: The abstaining from this same Red is the Law and the Prophets; it is the great Point that our new Devotion turns upon. As for the Dutches *d' Aumont*, her Province is burying the Dead. They say the Dutches *de Charost* kills People for her with ill-compounded Medecines, that she buries them in a religious Retreat. It is pleasant to hear the Marchioness *d' Uxells* upon this Head: But *la Maran* is excellent at describing the affected Airs of the Devoteés. Madame *de Schomberg* tells me very seriously, that the Dutches *de Charost* is of the first Order for Penitence and devout Retirement, not admitting any Society, and refusing even the Amusements of Devotion; in a Word, she is a Penitent in the strictest Way, and is for restoring the most rigid Discipline of Antiquity.

The Ladies of the Palace are kept under great Subjection. The King has explained himself upon it, and will have the Queen always be attended by them. Madame *de Richelieu*, tho' she does not serve any longer at the Table, yet is always present when the Queen dines, with four Ladies, who are, as it were, upon Guard by Turns. The Comtess *d' Ayen* is the sixth: She is very uneasy under the Confinement of paying this Attendance, and being constantly at Vespers, Sermons, and other Religious Ceremonies; but there

there is no perfect Happiness in this World. As for the Marchioness *de Castelnau*, she is fair and blooming, and perfectly recovered from her Grief; and as they say, has only changed her Apartment at Court, very much to her Satisfaction. Madame *de Louvigny* does not seem pleased enough with her good Fortune. She is thought unpardonable in not adoring her Husband in the same Manner as when she was first married: This is the first time the Publick was ever offended at a thing of this Nature. Madame *de Brissac* is beautiful and discreet, and always near the Princess of *Con-ty*. *La Cosquen* appears always in the same manner you have seen her. She has a Petticoat of black Velvet, thick embroidered with Gold and Silver, and a Manteau of Brocade. This Habit cost her an immense Sum; and when she seemed to her self to make the most splendid Figure imaginable, she was thought to be dressed like an Actress. She has been so well raillied upon it, that she dares not wear it any more.

We were a few Days since, Madame *de la Fayette* and I, to see Mr. *de Turenne*; he has a little Fit of the Gout. He received us with an Excess of Civility, and talked much of you. The Chevalier *de Grignan* has given him a Relation of your Victories; he would have offered you the Assistance of his Sword, if there had been any Occasion for it. He intends to set out in three Days. My Son parted hence Yesterday much out of Humour: I was not less so at a Voyage undertaken with so little Reason, and so disagreeable upon all Accounts.

M O N.

MONSIEUR the Dauphin saw Madame de Schomberg the other Day ; they told him his Grandfather had been in Love with her : He asked, in a Whisper, how many Children she had by him ? They replied by instructing him in the * Modes of that Time.

Monsieur the Duke de Maine has been seen at Court, but he has not yet visited the Queen ; he was in a Coach, and saw only his Father and Mother.

The Chevalier de Charillon is no longer to be put in Competition ; his Fortune is made. MONSIEUR chose rather to give him the Charge of Captain of his Guards, than to Mademoiselle de Grancey that of Dame d'Atour. This young Man has the Post of Vaillac, and is well provided for : They say that Vaillac is to have that of d'Albon, and that d'Albon is discarded ; but there is nothing certain but the first Article, of which I will not say a Word more.

I was the other Day to see poor Madame de Materelle ; as soon as she saw me, she burst into Tears :

† *Pietoso pianse al suo pianto.*

I do not see any Room for demanding a Pardon for that honest Gentleman who assassinated her Son ; the Action is of too black a Nature. The Criminals who were pardoned at Rouen, were not of this Quality ; it was the only Crime reserved. Beuvron has acquainted the Abbé de Grignan with it.

Vol. II.

B

I

* That is to say, the chaste Manner of LOUIS XIII. in caressing his Mistresses.

† Touched with Pity, I wept at her Complaint.

I have heard the Ladies at the Palace described in such a Manner as made me laugh. I said, with *Montagne*, Let us take our Revenge of them by speaking against them. It is however true, that they are under an excessive Subjection.

The Report still holds good, that the Prince sets out on *Munday*. The same Day, Mr. *de Saint Luc* espouses *Mademoiselle de Pampadour*; it is a Thing that gives me no Manner of Concern.

Adieu, my Dear; this Letter is growing too long; I conclude it for no other Reason, but because it is fit every thing should have an End. I embrace *Grignan*, and I beg him to excuse me for opening *Madame de Guise's* Letter. I had a mind to see her Stile; my Curiosity is satisfied for ever.

Guilleragne said Yesterday, that *Pelisson* abused the Permission Men have to be ugly.

LETTER LXXVI.

Paris, February 10, 1674.

IT is now a pretty many Years since there came into the World a Creature destined to love you, my Dear, beyond every thing besides. I beg you not to suffer your Imagination to turn either to the Right Hand, or to the Left:

* *Cet bonnête Homme la, Sire, c'étoit moi même.*

It

* A Line of *Marot* in an Epistle to *FRANÇOIS I.* This honest Gentleman, Sir, was I myself.

It was Yesterday three Years since I felt the most sensible Grief of my whole Life. You set out at that Time for *Provence*, and you remain there still. My Letter would be very long, if I should endeavour to express in it all the Sorrow I then felt, and those I have felt since in Consequence of it. But to leave this melancholy Digression, I have received no Letters from you To-day; I do not know whether I am to expect any; I fear I am not; it is too late: However, I have expected them with Impatience; I was willing to see you set out for *Aix*, and to be able to compute with some Exactness the Time of your Return. All the World importunes me about it, and I do not know what to answer them. I think of nothing but you, and the long Journey you are to take. If I receive any Letters from you after this is sent away, you may be very easy; I will certainly take care to do whatever you order me. I write To-day a little sooner than ordinary. Mr. *Corbinelli*, and Mademoiselle *de Mery*, are here, and have dined with me. I am going to a little Opera of *Moliere*, which is to be sung at *Pelisson's*: It is an excellent Piece of Musick. The Prince, the Duke, and the Dutchess will be there. I shall perhaps sup at *Gourville's*, with Madame *de la Fayette*, Monsieur the Duke, Madame *de Thiange*, and Mr. *de Vivonne*, of whom we are to take our Leave, and who parts from hence To-morrow: If this Engagement does not hold, I shall go to Madame *de Chaulnes's*, whither I am earnestly invited to come, as well by the Mistress of

the House, as by the Cardinal *de Retz*, and *de Bouillon*, who made me promise them. The first of these Cardinals has a sincere Impatience to see you ; he loves you tenderly. See what a Letter he has sent me ! I shall direct this Letter to *Lyons* ; it is the third I have sent thither ; the two first were to be left with the * *Chamarier*. I think, my Dear, you must be got thither by this Time, if you ever will.

It was apprehended, that *Mademoiselle de Blois* had the Small-Pox, but it does not prove so. There is not a Word said of the News from *England* ; this makes us conclude there is no good News from thence. There has been only a Ball or two at *Paris* during the whole Carnival ; there were Masques at them, but not many. It is a very dull Season. The Assemblies at *Saint Germain* are Mortifications for the King, and only shew how little Diversion the Carnival affords.

Father *Bourdaloue* made a Sermon on the Purification of our Lady, which transported the whole World. There was such a Vehemence in his Discourse, as made the Courtiers tremble. No Preacher ever enforced with such Authority, and in so noble a Manner, the great Truths of the Gospel. His Design was to shew, that every Power ought to be subject to the Law, from the Example of our Lord, who was presented at the Temple. This was argued and insisted on with all the Strength and Clearness imaginable ; and certain

* A Dignity of the Church of *Lyons*.

tain Points were urged with a Force and Energy, worthy of the great Apostle St. Paul himself.

The Archbishop of * *Reims*, as he returned Yesterday from *Saint Germain*, met with a notable Adventure. He drove at his usual Rate, like a Whirlwind. If he thinks himself a great Man, his Servants think so much more. They were passing in a full Trot over *de Nanterre*; they met a Man on Horseback, and in an insolent Tone bid him clear the Way. The poor Man uses his utmost Endeavours to get out of the Danger, but his Horse proves unmanageable. To make short of it, the Coach and six turn them both, the Horse and the Man, topsy turvy, and drive over them; and so directly over them, that the Coach was overturned, and almost broke in Pieces. In an Instant, the Horse and the Man, instead of amusing themselves with having their Limbs broke, get one upon another and gallop over the Plain, and are galloping still; while the Servants, the Archbishop's Coachman, and the Archbishop himself at the Head of them, are crying out, Stop, stop that Villain; break his Head; beat him to a Mummy. The Rage of the Archbishop was so great, that afterwards, in relating the Adventure, he said, that if he could have caught the Rascal, he would have broke his Bones, and cut off his Ears.

Adieu, my Dear; I cannot express the Eagerness of my Desires to see you. I leave

B 3

you,

* *Maurice le Tellier*, Son of the Chancellor *le Tellier*, and Brother of Mr. *de Louvois*.

you, and resign the Pen to *Corbinelly*, who is just awakened, perhaps from some agreeable Dream to entertain you with.

I have this Moment received your Letter; I am charmed with it. You need be under no Apprehension, that the Joy it gives me should grow cool; I am wholly possessed by the pleasing Expectation of seeing you, of receiving you, of embracing you, with Marks of Endearment, and with a Manner of loving, above the common Sentiments, and even above those which are esteemed most refined.

LETTER LXXVII.

Paris, Friday, Feb. 20, 1674.

I Confess I have an extreme Desire to hear from you; consider, my Dear, that I have had no Letters since that which was dated from *la Palisse*; I know nothing of the rest of your Journey till you come to *Lyon*, nor of the Roads in *Provence*. My Desires prey on my Soul; I feel an Impatience that hinders my Repose. I am well assured I shall have Letters; I doubt not but you have writ to me; but I have only the Torture of expecting, instead of the Pleasure of receiving them: I can find no Consolation or Amusement but in writing to you.

You must know, my Dear, that after I came Home from *Madame de Coulanges's*, where we make up our Paquets on Post Days, I went to Bed. This is not very extraordinary;

nary ; but what is very much so, was that at Three in the Morning, I heard a confused Cry of Thieves and Fire. These Cries were so near me, and so often repeated, that I made no doubt but they were in my own House. I thought I heard my little dear One named, and I concluded that without Doubt she was consumed in the Flames. I arose in this Fright, and in the Dark ; and trembling, in such a Manner that I could scarce support myself, I flew to her Apartment, which is to be yours. I found every thing there in great Tranquillity : but I saw the House of *Guittaut* all on fire. The Flames were seen above the House of *Mr. de Vauvineux*. In the Courts before our House, and every where near *Mr. Guittaut's*, there was a Brightness that struck the Mind with Horror. There was a Cry, a Confusion, and a dreadful Crash of falling Beams. I ordered my Gates to be opened, and sent my Servants to assist. *Mr. de Guittaut* sent me a little Casket, with what he had of greatest Value, which I placed in my Cabinet ; and went into the Street to stare like others. I found there *Mr. and Madame de Guittaut* half naked, *Madame de Vauvineux*, the *Venetian* Ambassador and his Domesticks ; the little Daughter of *Madame de Vauvineux* was carried asleep to the Ambassador's, and a great Quantity of Plate and Furniture, which it was thought proper to remove. For my part, I was safe, as it were in an Isle ; but I much pitied my unhappy Neighbours. *Madame de Gueslon* and her Brother showed their Prudence in advising ;

we were all in the utmost Consternation; the Fire was so fierce, that there was no Possibility of approaching it, nor any Hope of its being extinguished, till the House itself was consumed. The unfortunate *Guittaut* touched all the Beholders with Pity; he was desirous to save his Mother, who was at the Mercy of the Flames in the third Story; his Wife, clasping him with all her Force, restrained him from so desperate an Attempt: He was divided between the Grief of deserting his Mother in that imminent Danger, and the Fear of injuring by the Fright his Wife, who had been five Months breeding. At length, recommending her to my Care, he breaks from her Embrace to save his Parent, and meets her just in the Moment she had passed through the Flames, and happily escaped unhurt. He would fain have preserved some Papers, but could not get near the Place where they were laid; so he came back to us, where I had, with Difficulty, prevailed with his Wife to sit and wait his safe Return. The *Capucins* were very compassionate and industrious, and their Labours were so successful, that they stopped the Passage of the Flames, and quenched the Remainder of them. So that at length the Combat ceased for want of Combatants, that is to say, after several Apartments were entirely consumed; and it was esteemed very fortunate, that any Part of the House remained. The Loss will be more than ten thousand Crowns; for that Apartment, which was curiously painted and gilded, is to be rebuilt in the same Manner; and

and there were several fine Pictures belonging to *le Blanc*, who was the Owner of the House; besides rich Pieces of Tapestry, and other valuable Furniture. They express a great Regret for the Loss of some Letters; I imagine they were Letters from the Prince. About Five in the Morning, we begun to think it was time to take some Care of *Madame de Guittaut*; I offered her my Bed, but *Madame Gueston* made her accept a Lodging with her, because she had an Apartment that stood empty. We had her let blood, and sent for *Boucher*, who fears this great Disturbance may make her miscarry. She still remains with *Madame Gueston*, where all the World visits her; I continue my Care of her, having begun too well not to persevere till the last. You will ask me how this Fire begun: We know nothing at all of it; there had been no Fire made in the Apartment where it broke out. If any One had been capable of being diverted with so sad a Misfortune, this Midnight Assembly would, doubtless, have made an admirable Night-Piece. All the Dress of *Guittaut* amounted to little more than a Shirt; *Madame de Guittaut* discovered a Pair of naked Legs, and had lost one of her Slippers; *Madame de Vauvineux* was in a Petticoat, without a Night-Gown; all the Neighbourhood, and even the Valets, appeared in Night-caps. The Ambassador, indeed, wore a Gown and a Long Wig, and preserved excellently well the Gravity of *The most Serene* —; but his Secretary was admirable. The Statuaries tell

us of the Breast of *Hercules*, but his far exceeded it; it was very advantageously exposed to View, fair, white, and large, without the least Covering of Shirt, for the Ribband that should have tied it was lost in the Battle. This is the sad News our Quarter affords: I recommend it every Night to the Watch, to look carefully whether the Fire be every where extinguished; One cannot have too much Precaution to avoid such a Misfortune.

My dear Child, I wish you all good Things, and pray to God to protect you from all Evil.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

Livré, June 1, 1675.

IT is certain, my Dear, that I must be well persuaded of your fond Affection for me, since I still continue to live. The Tenderness I have for you is almost inconceivable: I know not whether, contrary to my Intention, I discover much of it; but I am well assured that I conceal much more. I am not willing that you should know all the Surprise and all the Joy occasioned by the Sight of a Servant, and a Letter from you. I had even the Pleasure not to fancy that you was ill; I was happy enough to believe it to be as it really was. I have said long since, that, whenever you please, you are adorable; there is nothing imperfect in any thing you do. I write in the Garden, as you imagined; the Nightin-

Nightingales, and the rest of the feathered Assembly, received with great Demonstrations of Joy, but with very little Respect, that Part of your Letter I did them the Honour to read to them by your Order; they are so proudly situated, as to be incapable of Attention to what deserves the greatest Regard. I was Yesterday two Hours alone with the *Hamadryades*; I talked to them of you, and received great Satisfaction from their Answers. I do not know, however, whether this delightful Region has Reason to be satisfied with my Behaviour; since after I had enjoyed all its Beauties, I could not hinder myself from saying,

† *Mais quoique vous ayez, vous n'avez point Caliste;
Et moy Je ne vois rien, quand Je ne la vois pas.*

This is so true, that I shall leave this Place with Pleasure this Afternoon. The Rules of Decency have no Part in regulating my Actions, which flow from a different Principle: This renders the excessive Liberties you give me disagreeable; I have in my Heart such Resources as you do not comprehend. I do not think the twenty Pistoles you have won are to be regreted; this Loss was well recompensed, by a very great Honour, and an agreeable Collation. I have made your Compliments to our Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins; they adore you, and are charm-
ed

* But whatever Beauties you have, you still want *Calista*; and I can behold nothing with Delight, where I do not behold her.

ed with the Relation I have made to them. It was very proper to be made to them, but not at all so, where I am to dine; so I hope I may be dispensed with, if I refuse to make it. I left with my Porter a Letter for *Branças*; I see it has been forgot. Adieu, my Dearest; you know I am yours.

LETTER LXXIX.

Paris, Wednesday, June 5, 1675.

I Have left *Livré*, my Dear, that I may not lose a Moment that I can have the Satisfaction of spending with our good * Cardinal. His Tenderneſs for you, and his ancient Friendship for me, give me a very tender Attachment to him. I am with him every Day from Eight till Ten; and he seems pleased with having me with him, till he is obliged to retire. We talk of you without ceasing; it is a Subject that leads us far, and touches us very nearly. He parts from hence on *Tuesday*. I already feel this mournful Day, and I fear extremely such a Separation, and so great a Loss. His Courage encreases in proportion as that of his Friends is diminished.

The Dutcheſs *de la Valière* made her Profession Yesterday. Madame *de Villars* promised to carry me to see it; but by a Mistake of ours, it pleased Heaven to prevent it. This was performed by the Dutcheſs, who is a Woman of so great Beauty and Spirit,

* The Cardinal *de Retz*.

Spirit, like all the other Actions of her Life, in a noble and a charming Manner. Her Beauty surpris'd all the World: But, what you will perhaps a little wonder at, the Sermon was not so excellent as was expected on this Occasion.

Madame de Coulanges goes from hence on Monday with Corbinelly: This deprives me of my Companions. You know how good Corbinelly is to me, and in what an obliging Manner he enters into all my Sentiments. I am convinced of his Amity for me, and I feel his Absence: But, my Dear, after having lost you, what can happen to me, of which I ought to complain? It is true, that you are interress'd in the Complaints I make for his Absence; because he is one of those with whom I most enjoyed the Consolation of speaking of you: For you are not to imagine, that those whom I cannot speak freely to, are as agreeable to me, as those who are in my Sentiments. You seem to me to be apprehensive, that I shall make myself ridiculous, and that I am too apt to divulge my Sentiments on this pleasing Subject. No, no, my Dear, fear nothing; I am able to govern this Torrent. Trust this to me; and leave me the Liberty of loving you, till it shall please God to take you out of my Heart, in order to place himself there; for you can yield to none but him. Do you know, my Dear, that my Heart is so entirely employed on you, and so full of you, that finding myself incapable of any other Thought, I have not had it in my Power to perform my Devotions

tions this *Pentecost*. Adieu, my Dear; I shall finish this Letter this Evening.

I have just received your Letter from *Macon*; I cannot yet read it without being tenderly affected by it. My Heart is so extremely sensible, that the least Thing which touches on it quite overcomes me. You may imagine that, with this fine Disposition, I frequently meet with Occasions to try its Temper: But, my Dear, you need not be in pain about my Health. I can never forget the Philosophy you inspired me with the Evening before we parted; I improve by it as much as I can; but I have such an habitual Weakness, that in spite of your good Lessons, I often yield to it.

Our Cardinal will have left me, before you will receive this; it will be a very melancholy Day to me, for I am extremely attached to his Person, his Merit, his Conversation, which I enjoy as much as I can, and the Amity he expresses for me. It is true, that his Soul is of an Order so far superior to the rest of Mankind, that it is not to be expected that his Life should be attended only with common Events. He that makes it a Law to himself, to do always what is most grand and most heroick, must place his Retreat in some proper Part of his Life, like a Shade beautifully disposed in a Piece of Painting, and leave his Friends to lament it.

My Dear, I conclude, that I may not weary you. Alas! what a Change it is, to have no other Pleasure than that of receiving your Letters, after having been so long accustomed

LETTERS.

31

to the Happinefs of seeing and converfing with you.

LETTER LXXX.

Paris, Friday, June 14, 1675.

IT is, instead of vifiting you in your Apartment, that I fit down to converse with you in a Letter, now I am fo unhappy as not to have you with me : The moft natural Confolation I can find, is to write to you, to receive your Letters, to fpeak of you, or to take fome Step for your Affairs. I paffed the Afternoon Yefterday with the Cardinal *de Retz* : You cannot poffibly divine what we talk of, when we are together. Let me know how you bear the Air of *Grignan*, and whether you have felt the Inclemency of it ; how you enjoy your Health, and whether I may represent to myfelf your lovely Perfon in its full Beauty. Your Picture is very agreeable, but far lefs fo than your Perfon, without reckoning, that it wants the entertaining Power of Speech. Be not in pain about my Health ; the Rule I obferve at prefent is to be irregular ; I am not fenfible of any Indifpofition ; I make every thing yield to the Pleafure of being with our Cardinal. I lofe none of the Hours he can oblige me with, and he is very obliging in this Refpect. I fhall be the more fenfibly touched with his Departure, and his Abfence ; but this does not prevent my indulging myfelf in the Pleafure of his Converfation : I never think of
fparing

sparing myself; after having felt the Pain of leaving you, I have nothing to fear from any less tender Attachment. Were it not for him and for your Affairs, I should go a little to *Liwé*; but I make every Consideration yield to these, which are above all my little Pleasures. I dined Yesterday with the Coadjutor at the Cardinal's: I have left him in Charge to inform you of that Part of Ecclesiastical History. Mr. *Foly* preached at the opening of the Assembly; but as he took an antient Text, and preached only antient Doctrine, his Sermon seemed a Piece of Antiquity. There might be fine Reflections made on this Article.

They say, that Mr. *de Turenne*, as it were, conducts the Enemy's Troops to their Lodgings. My Heart is much oppressed with the Thoughts of losing the Cardinal; the repeated Intercourse of Friendship and Conversation, which has so lately passed between us, redoubles my Grief; he parts from hence To-morrow. I have not yet received your Letters. Believe, my Dear, that it is not possible to love more than I love you: I am not animated with any thing, but what has some Relation to you. Madame *de Rochebonne* has writ to me in a very affectionate Manner; she told me with what Sentiments you received and read my Letters at *Lyons*. I see, my Dear, you are grown weak as well as I.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXI.

Paris, Wednesday June 19, 1675.

I Assure you, my Dear, that next to the Leave I took of you at *Fontainebleau*, to which nothing can be compared, I could not have taken a more melancholy one, than when I bid Adieu Yesterday to the Cardinal *de Retz*, at Mr. *de Camartin's*, four Leagues from hence. I dined there on *Monday*, and found him in the midst of his three faithful Friends; their dejected Countenances drew the Tears into my Eyes: And when I saw his Eminence with his usual Constancy and Firmness of Mind, and yet with all his Tenderness and Goodness for me, I could not support that Sight. We passed the Afternoon in one of the most agreeable Woods in the World; and the Evening found us in the same delightful Place, engaged in a Variety of Conversations, so good, so tender, so amiable, so obliging both for you and me, that I am deeply affected with it. I would have returned to *Paris*, but they detained me without much Difficulty. I slept ill; in the Morning I embraced our dear Cardinal with Tears, without the Power of saying a Word to the rest of the Company. I returned hither very melancholy; and I am not yet well recovered from the Grief of this Separation.

I am sorry the Account you sent me of the Assembly of the Clergy has not been read; the Fidelity of the Post is sometimes an Inconvenience.

convenience. The Chevalier *de Beon* is gone from hence. He brings you a Fan, which I think extremely pretty : Instead of little Cupids, there is a Crew of little Chimney-sweepers, the prettiest in the World. Can it be true, that *la Simiane* is parted from her Husband on the Pretence of his Gallantries ? What Simplicity ! I should have advised her to have been on an equal Foot with him. I think the Time long, as well as you, my Dear, and perhaps more than you, from one Post to another. Time, which is often disagreeable to us by the Swiftiness of his Flight, sometimes slackens his Wing, as you say ; and, in short, we are never contented with him. I cannot yet accustom myself not to see you, nor meet you, nor find you, or even to expect you. I am grieved at your Absence, and unable to divert my Thoughts from it. The Cardinal had a little effaced you out of my Memory ; but you are so much mingled in our Conversations, that after I had well considered it, I found it was you who rendered him so dear to me. You see, I improve little by your Philosophy : I am pleased to find that you yourself are not wholly exempted from the Weaknesses of Humanity.

I send you a little Piece, writ with much Spirit, in Honour of the Cardinal. He who writ it is not of the Number of his intimate Friends ; he has not the least Design that he should ever see it, or that it should come Abroad. He does not directly pretend to commend him. I like the Piece for all these Reasons.

Reasons. I send it you; but I beg you not to give a Copy of it. One is so tired with hearing One's own Praises addressed to oneself, that it is a Pleasure to be assured there was no Design of giving Pleasure, and that what is said, has the Appearance of simple unaffected Truth.

I embrace Mr. *de Grignan*; and am devoted to you, my Dear, with a Tenderness you can scarce believe, in the Degree I feel it.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

Paris, June 24, 1675.

I Have received the Letters of two Posts at once, my dear Comptess; I concluded you had writ to me. You are a most agreeable Correspondent; and your Amity is accompanied and assisted by such Charms as render it delicious. Tho' the Coadjutor despises these Sentiments, I imparted some of yours to him: He dined with me, and we talked much of you.

Madame *Dupuis Dufou* came to pay me a Visit: I had forgot she was a Widow, and took her Dress for a Masquerading Habit. The Departure of Madame *de Toscane* from hence, is much doubted here; your ill Fortune will decide it. It is true, my Dear, that we are very near Neighbours, the one of us at *Aix*, the other at *Rochers*. This great Distance gives me as much Pain as it gives you. Alas! we are widely separated, as we foresaw with Grief the last Winter, when

when we were so near one another. Can there be in Life a more cruel Misfortune?

Our Cardinal will be To-morrow at *Châlons*; he has writ to me in the tenderest Manner; I have sent you his Letter. As to that little Perfuming-Pot which he desires to make you a Present of, dispense with me, my Dear, for not returning it in so unhand-some a Manner. There is nothing noble in that fancied Generosity. I think I have a Soul disinteressed enough; and I have given Proofs of it: But there are Occasions, in which it is the rudest Ingratitude to refuse. What Reason is there, why the Cardinal *de Retz* should not have the Privilege of making you such a Present? How would you have him dispose of this Trifle? He has given up his Plate to his Creditors: If he should add this little Piece to it, it might perhaps be valued at an hundred Crowns. It is a Curiosity, a Token of Remembrance, a little Ornament for a Cabinet. One receives without any Difficulty, and with good Nature, such Kind of Presents; and, as he observed this Winter, it is beneath Magnanimity to refuse them; it is esteeming them too much, to consider them as Matters of such Consequence. In a Word, my Dear, I cannot prevail with myself to give him so much Pain. Can you comprehend the Pleasure it will be to him to give you this little Mark of his Amity, without being ashamed to refuse it with so much Incivility? Are you not sensible, that the Excess of this Vain-glory, in being above receiving any Present, is a Fault,
and

and can gain you no Esteem? You say that, if I desired any thing of you, I should be glad to have you comply with me in it. I believe it: But I am well assured, that if you disapproved it, and told me your Sentiments of it, as I tell you mine, you would make me change my Opinion in an Instant, and I should yield, without Hesitation, to your Reasons. If I am firm in my Opinion, it is certainly because Reason is on my Side. I leave whoever you please to be Judge of it; you have only to name. In the mean time, I will say no more; I should think it an Injury to your Understanding. After all, it is to *Mr. de Grignan* that the Cardinal makes a Present of it. I believe it is already sent from *Commercy*: I will put it up in the Bundle with your Work.

We very well understand your Excuse to the *Capucin*, 'That it was very warm Weather:' And we believe that, in the Humour you are in, you can never go to Confession. How is it possible to lay open One's Heart to Strangers! It is as much as you could prevail with yourself to do to your best Friends. We knew the Meaning of your Answer perfectly well: Unless you had been with us yourself, that Conversation of yours could not have been more agreeable.

I thank you, my Dear, for the Pains you have taken to defend yourself so well against the Charge of having ever been oppressed with the Excess of my Amity. There was no need of such an obliging Application. I believe of your Tenderness every thing you
desire

desire me to believe; this Persuasion makes the Happiness of my Life. You explain yourself very well upon that Will of yours, which it was impossible for me to divine, because you willed nothing. I ought to have understood you; and I shall do better than I have done upon this Article, because we only wanted to understand one another. When my good Fortune shall restore you to me, believe it, my Dear, you will be a thousand Times better satisfied with me than you have ever been: I wish we could already determine the Day, when we may embrace each other.

You make an Object of Raillery of poor despised Amity; you think it is doing it too much Honour to take it for a Hindrance of Devotion; and that it is a Privilege not belonging to it, to be an Obstacle to our Salvation. But it ought to be considered comparatively: If it fills up our whole Heart, that is enough to make it be condemned; and whatever it be that possesses us in this Manner, it is more than sufficient to render us unfit to communicate. You see the Syndic has exempted me from Censure. In a Word, it is a Misfortune to have such lively Passions. I must endeavour to render them more calm, and to recover the Possession of my Heart. I shall not be less yours, and yet I shall be more my own. *Corbinelly* is very urgent with me to take up this good Resolution. It is true, that his Absence adds to my Uneasiness. He loves me well, and I love him; he is serviceable to me in every thing I desire;

desire; but I must deprive myself of every thing, during my Voyage to *Bretagne*. There is such a Necessity for my going thither, that I must not leave it to the least Uncertainty.

I desire you by no means to shave the Head of the little Marquis. I have consulted the skilful; it is the Way to put his little Brain into Disorder, to give him Rheums, sore Eyes, and little black Teeth; in a Word, he is too weak to bear it. Let his Hair be cut short with Scissars; this is all you can do at present.

Mr. *de Agueville* returned Yesterday in the Evening; I shall see him without much Emotion. His three faithful Friends quitted him at *Favare*: I fear and wish to see the two others. The Cardinal has writ a second Billet, to bid me a kind Adieu. I beg him not to deprive me of the Hope of seeing him again. I am extremely touched with his Retreat; I will let you know from Time to Time in what State he is. His Courage is infinite; I wish it may prove victorious.

There are some Passages of your Letters so obliging, so tender and agreeable, that I dare not undertake to answer them: I pretend to no more than to have a true Taste of them, and to know their inestimable Value.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

Paris, June 26, 1675.

I Believe, my Dear, I shall write you but a short Letter To-day, because it is very late. You must know that I am just come from the Opera, with Monsieur and Madame de Pomponne, the Abbé Arnauld, Madame de Vins, Madame de la Troche, and d'Agueville. This was designed as an Entertainment for the Abbé Arnauld, who has not seen any thing of this Kind since Urban VIII. when he was at Rome with Mr. d'Angers; he was very well pleased with it. I have Compliments to make you from all the Company, and especially Mr. de Pomponne: I beg you seriously to depend upon his Friendship.

I saw Yesterday Madame the Dutchess of ———: She seemed to me to answer very exactly your Description of her. I thought some Traces of Discontent were legible in her Countenance; she had an Air of Prudence, and Melancholy softened with Tenderness; but I believe she will soon recover her Gaiety and her Beauty. She has succeeded very well at Versailles; the King thought her very amiable, and will take care to make her spend her Time there agreeably. Every One is ambitious to shew the Justness and the Generosity of his Sentiments in pitying and in praising her. She was transported with Versailles, and with the Caresses of the noble Family there; she has not yet seen the

the *DAUPHIN*, nor *MADemoiselle*. Her Reputation has never had the least Blemish; so nothing more can be desired for her, but only a happier Destiny. She talked with me much of you: I told her you still subsisted by the Air of *Paris*; she believes it, and says there is no living in any other Climate. I thought she would never have done speaking of you, and of the bad Supper she gave you: She was very well pleased with *Mr. de Grignan*, and with *Ripert*, who took so much Care of her when her Coach was overturned.

Mademoiselle d'Armagnac is married to that *Cadaval*: She is very handsome. The *Chevalier de Lorraine* is to perform the Ceremony of espousing her; she is much to be pitied for going so far to have the Nuptials consummated.

I shall send the *Airs* of the new Opera to *Mr. de Grignan* in a little Time: If he be with you, I embrace him, and desire him to take the utmost Care of you. I do not know whether it was the *Cardinal de Retz* who recommended it to me to take care of your Interests; but I am never pleased any longer than I am doing something for you. His Recommendation has a greater Effect upon me than his Benediction. Let me have an Account of all your Concerns; nothing is little, nothing is indifferent.

Mr. de Turenne is very advantageously posted; he has not been beaten, as it was reported. Our Friends are all well in *Flanders* and in *Germany*.

I have received your Letter, which acquaints me with the Distemper of the little Marquis; I am very much in Pain about it; and as for that Bleeding, I cannot comprehend that it can do any Good, considering the Terror it strikes into a Child of three Years old. In my Time, we did not know what bleeding of Children was. Madame de Sansé has obstinately persisted in refusing to suffer her Son to be let blood; she gave him only a little Powder for the Worms, and he is recovered. I fear our Child will be treated, in order to do him Honour, as they treat the Children of the King and the Duke. I shall have no Repose, my Dear, till I hear how this Fever goes off. I very heartily pity you and Mr. de Grignan; tell him the Interest I take in his Inquietude and yours.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Paris, August 7, 1675.

DO you say, my Dear, that I mentioned nothing of St. Marceau, in my Description of the Procession of St. Geneviève? I cannot imagine how I came to be guilty of such an Omission. St. Marceau came as far as her own Chappel to fetch St. Geneviève, otherwise the Laws of Decency had not permitted her to advance a Step towards him. The Shrine of this Virgin Saint was carried by the Company of Goldsmiths, who had adorned it with an infinite Variety of precious Stones, which were valued at two Millions;
it

it was the finest Thing that can be imagined. Beneath this glittering Canopy appeared the beauteous Saint, carried on the Shoulders of her dutiful Children, the Monks of her Order, who trod the Streets with their naked Feet, in all the Pomp of Devotion. When they returned from *Notre-Dame*, the Gentleman Saint reconducted the Lady, with all possible Marks of Civility, to a Place appointed, where they parted: But can you imagine with what Violence? The Efforts they made to rejoin each other were such, that the Number of the Bearers of them was increased by ten on each Side, to prevent their meeting; and if by Chance they had joined Hands a second Time, no human Force could have separated them. If you are not satisfied of this, you need only ask the good Citizens of *Paris*, who were all Witnesses of it. This however was prevented; so they only made a civil Bow to each other, and retired each of them to their own Habitation. I wonder what my Thoughts could be employed on, which could divert me from entertaining you with so miraculous a Tale.

As to the Fireworks intended on *St. John Baptist's Day*, I cannot think on it without being in a Fright. What a Folly would it be, in the Condition you are in! What a Crowd! What a Confusion. My Dear, I beg you not to speak to me of it any more.

I have acquainted you, that I am not going to *la Bretagne*. You will easily believe, that I shall not go before I have settled our Correspondence by our new Friend at the

Post-Office: We shall hear from each other twice in the Week; my Interest is concerned in it more than yours, and even my Life. I shall carry with me Books and Work: These Amusements will sufficiently entertain me, together with our Correspondence, which is my chief Care.

All the Letters from the Army represent Things in a strange Situation: But, my Dear, what a terrible Piece of News! I am to acquaint you with the Death ——— Alas! can I have the Barbarity to write it to you! the Death of Mr. *de Turenne*. Every thing is in Confusion: There is now no Hopes of any Good from *Flanders*, or from *Germany*, or of your Brother's paying us a Visit. We shall see in a few Days how every thing will be ordered, what Train Affairs will take in your Province, and the Conduct of Mr. *Fourbin* with his little Army.

Madame *de Schomberg* will now become the Wife of a Marshal of *France*: For this will doubtless occasion the Advancement of her Husband. My Son informs me, that the Desolation of the Army where he is, makes him comprehend the miserable Condition of that in *Germany*: He says, they are happy however in being left under the Conduct of Mr. *de Luxembourg*, since they have no longer the Prince for their General. Poor Madame *de Vaubrun* is in Despair upon the Death of her Husband; she is much pitied. I saw the other Day at Mass the Comte de F—— and some others, who certainly cannot be here with a good Grace. I thought
those

those Mothers happy, whose Sons were neither at the * *Minimes*, nor in *Germany*; including myself, who have the Satisfaction to know that my Son is upon Duty, and yet in no Danger at present.

The other Day the *Dauphin* was shooting at a Mark, and shot very wide of it : Mr. *de Montausier* raillied him upon it ; and said, pointing to the Marquis *de Crequi*, who shoots perfectly well, See how near this Gentleman will come to the Mark. The arch Youth had the Complaisance to shoot a Foot wider of it than the *Dauphin*, which turned the Laugh on Mr. *de Montausier*, who could scarce forgive him for this fraudulent Piece of Civility. Mr. *de Grignan* will very well remember this young Courtier ; he diverted us extremely.

I went a few Days since to *Versailles*. The Ladies about the Queen are the very same, who are the Companions of Madame *de Montespan*. They play and sup together by Turns, and have Entertainments of Musick every Evening. Nothing is concealed, or so much as pretended to be made a Secret of ; they are seen in Triumph in the publick Walks together ; and there is no Appearance of Discontent.

I have been at *Clagny* : How shall I express my Admiration of it ! It is the enchanted Palace of † *Armida*. The Building advances so fast, it may be discerned by the Eye : The Gardens are finished. You are well acquainted

C 3

with

* A Convent in *Paris*.

† An Enchantress in *Tasso*.

with * *Notre's* Manner of Gardening. He has left standing an antient shady Wood, which has an admirable Effect. There is a little Grove of Orange Trees planted in large Vases, and tall enough to supply a Shade; it is divided into Walks and Alleys, bounded by Palisadoes on each Side, interwove with Jessamins and Tuberoses, and a Variety of other Flowers. This flowery Fence, which is made breast-high, by concealing the Vases in which the Orange Trees are planted, makes them appear to grow out of the Ground. This Appearance of a natural Orange Grove in our Climate, is the most beautiful, the most surprising, the most enchanting Novelty that can be imagined: It is very much admired.

My Dear, I will give you a little View of Inside of the Cards, that you will be surpris'd with. It is, that the perfect Amity between *Madame de Montespan*, and her travelling † Friend, has been for these two Years an utter Aversion. It is a Keeness of Resentment, an Antipathy, a Contrariety like that of White and Black. You ask, from whence it proceeds: It is because the inferior Friend has an Haughtiness that makes her rebel against the Orders of her Superior. She does not love to obey; she is willing to comply with

* A famous Gardener. It was he that made the Gardens of *Villars*, and those of the *Thuileries*, and *Versailles*.

† *Madame de Maintenon*, who at that Time was conducting the Duke of *Maine* to the Waters de *Barege*, purely to do a Pleasure to the King, and in all the Voyage gave an Account of every thing directly to him.

with the Father, but not with the Mother. It is to oblige him, that she undertakes this Journey, and not in the least to gratify her; she gives an Account of every thing that passes to him, and not to her. He is pouted at, for having too much Amity for a Woman of so much Vanity; but it is not thought that this Affection will continue, unless the Aversion ceases, or the Success of this Voyage causes a Change in the Hearts of some Persons. This Secret has been rolling, like an Earthquake, under Ground, these six Months; it begins a little to take Air; I believe you will be surpris'd at it. The Friends of the Friend are much concerned at it, and it is thought that some of them have felt the ill Effects of this Misunderstanding. Do not you wonder how it happens that we reason sometimes, without being able to comprehend how Things are? I often say on these Occasions, that a Thread has been worked false. One is ignorant of the true Situation of Affairs, and can discover nothing clearly, till One sees the right Side of the Cards. It is the pleasantest Thing in the World, to observe the Mistakes of this Kind.

I expect with Impatience the Letters of the *Chevalier de Grignan*; we desire fresh Advices every Hour, for we shall always be in Pain, till our Army has repass'd the *Rhine*. I have sent you a Relation of the Battle of *Mr. de Lorges*, who has shewn himself worthy of his * Uncle. Heaven grant our Prosperities may always continue: I believe they

C 4

are

* *Mr. de Turenne.*

are owing to the Ghost of Mr. *de Turenne*, which still hovers about the Army, and conducts it.

The Comte *de Lude* is here : No One has ever had a Thought of censuring his Return ; but I own to you, there are some young Gentlemen who appear here at Mass, who well deserve to meet with some Disgrace. Madame *de Monaco* is still indisposed : I do not see what her Indisposition is like to end in. MONSIEUR the * Duke is here for one Day : He is going to join the Prince his Father, who marches slowly with four or five thousand Men. He has taken this Time to see the King and the Dutchess. Adieu, my dearest loveliest Child : I embrace and kiss Mr. *de Grignan*. It is to him I send the Opera.

LETTER LXXXV.

Paris, August 8, 1675.

I Am going to answer your Letter of the last of *July*. Your Commerce, my Dear, is excellent ; our Letters are Conversations ; I speak to you, and you answer me : I admire your Care and your Exactness ; but I desire you not to make it a Law to yourself ; for if it causes the least Inconvenience to you, or the least Head-ach, believe me, whatever is Ease to you, will to me be Pleasure : For without the least Exaggeration, your Interest, your Pleasure, your Health and Relief

* *Henry Jules, Prince of Condé.*

lief from any Pain or Inquietude, holds the first Rank amongst whatever is nearest to my Heart.

You may believe me, the secret Jealousy between Madame *de Montespan* and her Friend still encreases.

I shall begin with my Health; my Dear, I desire you not to give yourself any Disturbance about it. I often see Mr. *de Lorme* at Mr. *de Monmort's*, whom he is raising from the Dead. He approves the Remedies I have used, and advises me to use no more, judging that I am perfectly out of Danger of a fresh Attack of the Vapours I had the last Year. The little Remembrances I have had from them, have been only their last Adieu on their taking Leave of me; so small a Disorder was suitable to the Goodness of my Constitution. He would have me take some Powders before I part from hence; but it will be more out of Complaisance for him, than any real Occasion for them. If you had heard him give his Opinion of me, you would have been freed from all Pain on this Account for the Remainder of your Life and mine. I hope you will repose yourself on his Judgment; and no longer count this Inquietude for my Health amongst the Effects of your Tenderness for me; enough will remain besides.

As to the Proposal of my going to *Grignan* instead of *la Bretagne*, I had already had it in my Thoughts; and whenever I would amuse myself with some agreeable Imagination, the first Thing that presents itself to

me is this romantick Adventure. The Tour you would have me take is pleasant, and so far practicable, that I shall carry the Idea of it with me to *Bretagne*, and often entertain myself with it in my Woods.

I advise you to write to the good Cardinal, on the great Subject of the Death of *Mr. de Turenne*; he will be touched with it. It was said the other Day in very good Company, that this Age knew no great Examples above the common Race of Men, besides the Cardinal *de Retz* and *Mr. de Turenne*; so that he is now left alone in this Point of Elevation. After this first Letter, take my Advice, and write to him without the least Constraint. If any little agreeable Folly is at the Tip of your Pen, he will be charmed with it, as well as with the most serious Thought; a religious Ground may be innocently adorned with these little Laces and Embroideries; even his Eminence himself sometimes condescends to sport an Epigram with our grave Abbé.

The Chevalier *de Beons* has left me his Resident with *Mr. de Pomponne*. *Guilleragues* has done Wonders in his *Gazette*; the last Part of his Panegyric seems a little embarrassed; I should better like a Style more natural, though less accurate and elaborate.

The Homily you preached to me, on the Evening before you parted from me, is still fresh in my Memory; but as I cannot recall it to my Thoughts, without introducing it by the Imagination that I see you entering my Chamber, and I have no longer the Joy nor the

the Hope of such a pleasing Interview, it always costs me a Tear; and whenever I repass in my Fancy that whole Evening, the Remembrance of it is imbittered with a Grief I am not yet able to support. All that we did those last Days we were together, all the Places we frequented, all the Sorrows I concealed beneath a chearful Countenance, for fear of renewing your Exhortations; all this is still imprinted in my Heart. I live over all this Time again; in such a Month were we at *Livré*; every Season restores some past Scene to my deluded Thoughts. The Amity I have for you is attended with a numerous Train of Uneasinesses; a continual Absence joyned with Tenderness, ill consists with Quiet and Tranquillity in a Heart so void of Philosophy as mine. But I must pass over these Thoughts without dwelling too much on them. You see the State of Mind I am in; and I perceive, my Dear, that you smile at me. But my Letter; what say you to it? I love to be always conversing with you, and since it does not displease you, and it gives me a Pleasure, what Harm can there be in it? Adieu once more, my Dear; believe me truly and solely yours.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

Paris, August 9, 1675.

OUR Friends have repassed the *Rhine* very happily, after having beaten the Enemy. This is very much to the Honour of Mr. de Lorges:

Lorges : We all wish the King may send him a Marshal's Staff, after an Action so noble, so useful, and which he alone has the Honour of. His Horse was killed under him by a Cannon Ball, which passed between his Legs ; he was mounted upon it. Providence had given its Commission very happily for us to this innocent Ball, and to all the rest of its Brethren. We lost in this Action the Marquis *de Montbrun*, and perhaps Mr. *de Monlort*, Brother to the Prince *d'Harcourt* your Cousin-German. The Loss of the Enemy was very great by their own Confession. They had four thousand Men killed. We lost but seven or eight hundred. The Duke *de Sault*, the Chevalier *de Grignan*, and the Horse under their Command, distinguished themselves. The *English* performed Things almost incredible. In a Word, we have been very fortunate.

They say, that Mr. *de Montecucully*, after having sent a Compliment to express his Grief for the Loss of so great a Commander, let him know that he might repass the *Rhine* without any Molestation from him ; that he would not expose his Reputation to the Rage of an Army enflamed with Grief for the Loss of their beloved General, and to the Valour of young *Frenchmen*, which nothing could resist in their first Impetuosity. In Effect, the Engagement was not general ; and only the Troops which attacked us were defeated.

The Comte *de Lorges* has the Government of *Alsace*, and a Pension of 25000 Livres, which

which *Vaubrun* had. Alas! this is not what he wanted.

Our good Cardinal has writ again to the Pope, telling him, that he could not but hope, that when his Holiness had seen the Reasons in his Letter, he would yield to his most humble Prayers to receive the Resignation of his Hat: But we believe that the Pope, who is infallible, and who does nothing in vain, will not so much as read his Letter.

Let us talk a little of *Mr. de Turenne*; it is a long time since we have said any thing of him. Do not you wonder that we think ourselves happy in having repassed the *Rhine*; and what we should have been displeased with, if he had been living, seems a Prosperity because we have him no longer: So great is the Loss of one Man.

Let me engage your Attention to a Thing that appears to me extremely noble: I almost fancy myself to be reciting a Passage of the *Roman History*. *St. Hilaire*, Lieutenant General of the Artillery, as you know, stopped *Mr. de Turenne*, who was galloping by, to shew him a Battery: It was just as if he had said, Pray, Sir, stop a little, it is here you are to be killed. A Ball comes, and takes off the Arm of *St. Hilaire*, who was pointing to the Battery, and kills *Mr. de Turenne*. The Son of *St. Hilaire* throws himself upon his Father, crying out, and gushing into a Flood of Tears. Hold your Peace, my Son, said he: See, *Mr. de Turenne* lies dead. This is what is to be wept eternally: This is what

is irreparable. Thus this true Patriot, without the least Attention to himself, was wholly taken up in lamenting this great Loss. The Nobleness of this Sentiment drew Tears of Admiration from Mr. *de la Rochefoucault*.

The Gentleman of Mr. *de Turenne*, who is newly returned from the Army, says he has seen heroical Actions done by the Chevalier *de Grignan*, who charged five Times; and his Cavalry forced the Enemy to retreat in such a Manner, that this uncommon Vigour decided the Fate of the Battle. Mr. *de Boufflers* performed very well, as did likewise the Duke *de Sault*; and above all, Mr. *de Lorges*, who shewed himself upon this Occasion the Nephew of a Hero.

The Duke *de Villeroy* is unconsolable upon the Death of Mr. *de Turenne*. He writes, that it is not in the Power of Fortune to do him any further Harm, after having deprived him of the Pleasure of being loved and esteemed by such a Man. He had just new-clothed a Regiment of *English* at his own Expence; and there were but nine hundred Francs found in his Coffer.

It comes into my Head to tell you, contrary to my Custom, a Piece of the News of *Europe*. You know, my Dear, that the King of *Poland* is dead. The Grand Marshal, the Husband of Mademoiselle *d'Arquen*, is at the Head of an Army against the *Turks*. He has won a Battle so entirely, that fifteen thousand *Turks* were left dead upon the Field. This Victory is so great, that it is not questioned but

but he will be named King; since he has the Advantage to be at the Head of an Army; and, as Mr. *de Turenne* used to say, Fortune generally declares in Favour of numerous Battalions. I was pleased with this News, and I thought it would be no less pleasing to you.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

Paris, August 16, 1675.

I Would fain have all that you write to me of Mr. *de Turenne* inserted in a Funeral Oration. There is an uncommon Beauty and Energy in your Stile; you had then all the Force of Eloquence that can be inspired by Grief. Think not that his Memory can be lost here, since your Letter is arrived. That Torrent that carries every thing along with it, cannot remove a Memory so well established: It is consecrated to Immortality; and that even in the Hearts of a great Number, whose Sentiments on this Subject can never be effaced. I was the other Day at Mr. *de la Rochefoucault's*; Mr. *le Premiere* came thither, Madame *de Lavardin*, Mr. *de Marillac*, and Madame *de la Fayette*. The Conversation, which lasted two Hours, turned wholly on the divine Qualities of this true Hero; the Eyes of every One were bathed in Tears; and you cannot believe how deep the Grief of the Loss of him is engraven on all their Hearts. You have exceeded us in nothing, but in the Satisfaction of sighing aloud, and of writing his Panegyric. We remarked

remarked one Thing, which was, that he has not only been admired at his Death. The Largeness of his Heart, the vast Extent of his Knowledge, the Elevation of his Mind; all this the World was full of during his Life: How much higher the Admiration of it was made to rise by his Death you may easily imagine. In a Word, my Dear, do not you think that the Death of this great Man is regarded here like that of others. As for his Soul, it is a Miracle, which can proceed from nothing but the perfect Esteem every One had for him, that none of the Devotées have yet taken it into their Heads to doubt, whether it be in a good State; it is not possible to comprehend that Sin or Guilt could find a Place in his Heart; his * Conversion, so sincere, appeared to us like a Baptism. Every One speaks of the Innocency of his Manners, the Purity of his Intentions, his Humility free from all manner of Affectation, the Sentiments of solid Glory his Heart was filled with, without Haughtiness or Ostentation, loving Virtue for its own Sake, without regarding the Approbation of Men, and, to crown all, a generous and Christian Charity. Did not I tell you of the Regiment that he cloathed? It cost him fourteen thousand Francs; and left him almost without Money. The *English* told Mr. de Lorges, that they would continue to serve this Campaign to revenge his Death; but that after this they would retire, not being able to serve under any other General after Mr. de Turenne. When some of the new Troops grew

* He was originally a Protestant.

grew a little impatient in the Morasses, where they were almost up to the Knees in Water, the old Soldiers animated them in this Manner: What is it you complain of? It is plain you do not yet know Mr. *de Turenne*: He is more grieved than we ourselves are, when we are under any Difficulty; he thinks of nothing this Moment but of removing us from hence; he wakes, while we sleep; he is a Father to us; it is easy to see that you are but young Soldiers: Thus they encouraged them. I return to the State of his Soul. It is really a remarkable Thing that no Zealot has yet thought fit to make a Doubt, whether it has pleased God to receive with open Arms one of the best and noblest Souls he has created: Reflect a little upon this general Assurance of his Salvation, and you will find it is a Kind of a Miracle scarcely ever known but in his Case. In a Word, none has yet presumed to doubt of his everlasting Rest.

You will see in the News the Effects of this Loss. Mr. *de * Rohan*, with a Handful of

* An Adventure of a different Kind, mentioned in Letter XXXVII. having been falsely attributed to *Madame de Rohan*, who is there misrepresented, as creating a Jealousy between a Pair of Lovers at a Ball, it is a Piece of Justice due to Mr. *de Rohan* to take this Opportunity of restoring him to the Credit of it. An Error of the Press in the original *French*, not having been observed, caused the Sense of that Passage to be perverted in the Translation. The true Meaning of it is, that the Lady there mentioned, not observing that her Lover stood behind her, indiscreetly run the Hazard of losing him, by admitting too freely the Gallantries of Mr. *de Rohan*.

of Men, has dispersed and put to Flight the Mutineers, who were formed into Troops in the Dutchy of *Roban*. The Troops are at *Nantes*, commanded by *Fourbin*; for *Vins* is still a Subaltern. The Orders given to *Fourbin* are to obey Mr. *de Chaulnes*: But as Mr. *de Chaulnes* is in *Fort-Lewis*, *Fourbin* in Effect has the Command. You understand very well what these imaginary Honours are, which remain without Action in those who have such a titular Command. Mr. *de Lavardin* desired this Command: He has been at the Head of an old Regiment, and pretended it was an Honour due to him; but his Pretension was not admitted. It is said, that our Mutineers demanded a Pardon: I suppose they will obtain it, after a decent Number of them have been hanged. Mr. *de Chamillart*, who was odious to the Province, is removed; and Mr. *de Marillac*, who is a Man of great Honour, is made Intendant. Those Disorders no longer hinder me from taking my Journey, but there is something here I am unwilling to leave: I have not yet been able to go even to *Livr *, whatever Inclination I have to it. The Time must be taken as it comes: I am willing to be here, as it were in the very Center of News, in a Time when Things are in such a terrible Confusion.

Let me add a Word more concerning Mr. *de Turenne*. He had made an Acquaintance with a Shepherd, who knew perfectly well the Roads and the Country; he used to take him alone with him, and order his Troops

to be posted according to his Direction. He had a great Affection for this Shepherd, and esteemed him as a Man of good plain Sense. He said that Colonel *Bec* owed his Rise to such an Accident; and that he believed this Shepherd would make his Fortune as he had done.

He was very well pleased with having contrived to make his Troops pass without Danger; and said to Mr. *de Roucy*, in good earnest this seems to me no ill Performance, and I believe Mr. *de Montecucully* will not find any thing amiss it: It is indeed esteemed a Master-Piece of Military Skill.

What say you of the sad Events that happen to us? Does it not seem, that the Courage and Conduct of Mr. *de Turenne* are gone over to our Enemies; and that they find nothing impossible after the Defeat of the Marshal *de Crequi*?

Mr. *de la Feuillade* took Post, and came directly to *Versailles*, where he surprised the King, and said to him, Sir, some (meaning *Rochefort*) send for their Wives, and some come to see them: As for me, I am come only to pay a short Visit to your Majesty, and to thank you a thousand and a thousand Times. I shall see none besides your Majesty, for it is to you that I owe every thing. He talked a pretty while with the King, and then taking his Leave, said, Sir, I am just going; I beg you to make my Compliments to the Queen and the *Dauphin*, and to my Wife and Children. After this he immediately took Horse; and in Effect, saw no Person

Person living besides. This little sally pleased the King much; he told the Court, laughing, how he had been charged with Compliments. It is a great Advantage to be happy, every Thing succeeds, and is well taken.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Livré, August 20, 1675.

IN Truth, my Dear, you ought to be here with me. I came hither this Morning all alone, extremely fatigued, and weary of *Paris* to such a degree that I could no longer bear to stay there. Our Abbé stays behind on Account of some Affairs; for my Part I have none till *Saturday*; I shall be here these three Days in Peace and Repose. I shall walk much; I believe my Health requires it. I shall think extremely of you, not to say continually. There is no Wood, no Green, which does not bring to my Remembrance that we were there together the last Year. Alas! how sad a Difference! It is sweet to me to think of you, but your Absence mingles a Bitterness with my Thoughts, at which my Heart sickens. I foresee this will be a gloomy Evening with me. I am most pleased to entertain you in the little Cabinet you so much frequented; there nothing will interrupt me.

I left Mr. *de Coulanges* much in Pain for Mr. *Sanfé*. As for Mr. *de la Trouffe*, next to my dear Heroes in Romance, I have not seen any thing so perfectly happy. Have you never seen a Prince, engaged in a Battle, so as to be in the Extremity of Danger. A
Hero

Hero of the other Side advances to see who it is that makes so great a Resistance. He sees the Inequality of the Combat; he is ashamed of it; he calls off his Men; he asks Pardon of that valiant Man, who is induced by his generous Behaviour to offer up his Sword to him, for were it not for him he would never have yielded; he makes him his Prisoner. He discovers him to have been one of his Friends, when they both lived together in the Court of *Augustus*: He treats him as his own Brother; He commends his extraordinary Valour. But I fancy the Prisoner is observed to sigh; he is perhaps in Love. I believe he may be permitted to return upon his *Parole*: But I do not see where the Princess is, who expects him; this only Circumstance is wanting to compleat the History.

Whenever I send you News, depend upon it that I have it from Persons who are well inform'd, but they will not be cited for the least Trifles. There are very knowing People, from whom I never take any News. Have you a mind to know what the *Valets de Chambre* have writ on this * Occasion? You may easily imagine this comes from that Place where they love ridiculous Letters. One makes an Inventory of what he has lost, as his Trunk, his Coat or his Hat, or perhaps his Bottle. It was, says he, a confounded Disorder: If I had been General, it had never happened. Another says, we were a Company of pleasant Mad-men; we were but

* That is, after the unfortunate Affair of the Marshal *de Crequi* at *Treves*.

but seven thousand and we attacked twenty six thousand ; so you may see how finely we have been drubbed. A Third tells how nimbly they made their Escape, and owns the terrible Fright they were all in. You see there is great Ingenuity in these Accounts. You may think, my Dear, I must have a great deal of Leisure to write to you all these Fooleries.

You speak so worthily of the Cardinal de Retz, and of his Retreat, that this only might suffice to make you deserve his Amity, and his Esteem. I meet with some People, who say, he ought to come to *Saint Denis* ; but they would be the first to blame him, if he should take their Advice. Many are desirous, at any Rate, to tarnish the Beauty of his Action : But I defy the most piercing Jealousy to find the least Blemish in it.

What you say of Mr. de Turenne deserves a Place in his Panegyric. The Cardinal de Bouillon will have the Pleasure, or rather the Pain of it ; for I am well assured it will make him weep. Since the Death of this Hero of the War, the Hero of the Breviary is retired to *Commercy* ; there was no longer any Safety for him at *Saint Michel*. The First President of the *Cour des Aides* has an Estate in *Champagne* : His Tenant came to him the other Day to demand either to have his Rent considerably abated, or to be released from his Bargain. They told him, it was not customary ; and asked him, upon what Account ? He replied, that, in the Time of Mr. de Turenne, the People might gather in their Harvests in Safety,
and

and count upon the Revenue of their Lands in that Country ; but that, since his Death, all the World was quitting it, as fearing the Enemy would soon enter upon it. These things, which are simple and natural, furnish an Encomium on that great Man no less magnificent, than the studied Harangues of the *Flechiens* and the *Mascarons*. What you say of Mr. *de Serpes* is of the same Nature.

Do not press me so to come and see you ; you turn away my Thoughts too much from the melancholy Obligations I am under. If I listened to the Suggestions of my Heart, I should lay aside all my little Affairs, and come away to *Grignan*. Oh ! with what Joy should I fix my self there ; and for the three or four Days I have to live, model my Life after my own Fancy, and follow my own Inclination. What a Folly is it to constrain our selves for the Formalities of Devoirs and Affairs ! Alas ! Who is there that will thank us for it ! I am but too much in this way of thinking. The Rules of Life, to my great Regret, are only found in my Actions : As for my Words, they have already taken Wing ; and I have withdrawn my self at least from the Constraint of approving what I still continue to do.

The Friends of the Lady-Traveller, perceiving that the Inside of the Cards begins to be seen, affect to laugh, and turn it into Matter of Ridicule ; or at least agree that there has been something in it, but that all is reconciled. I will not answer for the Present, or the Future, in such an uncertain Country ;

Country; but I can assure you of the Past; and there was never any thing so sharp as the Resentment that appeared at the Time these little Favourites were so much mortified. As for the Sovereignty, it is as firmly re-established as ever it has been, since the Days of *Pharamond*. *Madam de Montespan* plays at Cards in her Night Gown with the Lady of the Castle, who thinks her self too happy in being received, and well understands it is her Part to retire upon the least Intimation given to the Lady of the Bed-Chamber.

My Life is at present regulated by your Affairs; this is the only Consolation I have. I shall retire to *Bretagne*, during the Vacations, and return in the Month of *November*, with a full Design to abandon my self to all the *Cbicanerie* prepared for me by the Infidelity of *Mr. de Mirepoix*.

* *Depit Mortel, juste Courroux.*

Je m'abandonne à vous.

I am by no means satisfied with *la Dupuis-Defou*; if she loved *Mr. de Grignan*, she would have concluded every thing. We have seen clearly that what she did the other Day was only the Effect of the Rage she had conceived against *Mirepoix*, who had oppressed her with twenty Papers to be signed: When she is left to her Natural Temper, she is incapable of any firm Resolution. The Ruin of this Family makes a great Noise. I said to her Yesterday, in short, *Madame*, it is purely out

* Implacable Rage, and just Resentment, I give my self up to you.

out of the Respect we have had for you, that we are thus embarrassed with Affairs of your Brother : If we had done three Years ago, what we have done now, Mr. *de Mirepoix* could not have made a Pretext of this Defeat to refuse our Ratification. We cannot so much as get from her any Answer to this : She goes to the Door, to see if any one listens, and when she has satisfied herself there is nobody, she says not one Word. It is a Misery to see the Dissipations of this House, from the greatest Matters to the least. Senseless People ! Senseless Management ! This is all the Conclusion that can be drawn from it.

Fear nothing from our War of *Bretagne* ; there is no farther Danger : You may Safely trust to my Cowardice ; I believe I shall venture thither under the Protection of the great *d'Harouy*. My Health is perfectly recovered : My good Friend *de Lorme* has told me that I may keep his Powder for the Winter, and take for three Days a *Ptisanne*, which he thinks a Remedy proper for this Season ; he is of Opinion that I have entirely got over this Indisposition.

My Son is in Despair about the Affair of his * *Guidonage* : Do you remember the prudent Maxims you laid down to him, by the Authority of *Don Quixote*. He is at present at nine hundred Leagues Distance from the Cape he might have arrived at by your repeated Directions. Every thing that is vacant, is demanded for Brothers who have been wounded, or for Families that have suffered

D

to

* The Office of a Standard Bearer.

so much in the Service, that one is ashamed to employ any vain Endeavours to bar up their Way to Preferment. We must leave it to Providence to determine the Fortune of this poor *Guidon*: I encourage him as much as I can.

I will let you know my Address, if I go from hence: Alas! you may safely leave this Care to me; it is the chief Support of my Life. Adieu for this Day: I have tired you sufficiently. The Bell rings to *Complins*: You are not unacquainted with my Oeconomy. It is very fine Weather; I shall walk abroad, and think of you with an extreme Tenderness.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Livré, August 22, 1675.

POOR Mr *de Sanse* is still lost; they have neither found him amongst the Slain, nor amongst the Prisoners. *Guilleragues* asked the King, whether he had yet heard any News of him: His Majesty answered, with a great deal of good Nature, that he was in Pain about him, and that he did not at all comprehend where he could be. Judge of the Condition that poor Woman must be in. I leave it to Mr. *d'Agueville* to send you the News. I know of nothing more than the Siege of *Treves*; I fear my Son will be employed in a Detachment. Send me some of your Courage, that I may be better pleased that he should be in *Germany* than at the *Minimes* at
Mafis.

Mafs. You fay admirable things upon this Subject.

The Prince d' *Harcourt* has loft his Brother, and Mr. *de Grignan* a Cousin German. I do not know whether you have felt this Loss; it seems here like that of a Needle in a Bundle of Hay.

I have been inform'd that the late *Saint-Luc* gave the Title of *Monseigneur* to all the Marshals of *France*, because his Father had that Honour; and the Comte *de Guiche* did so for the same Reason. This is become a Rule for others, and it is not usual at present to contest it with them, when one pays them the Compliment of a Letter. I advise you, after Mr. *de Pomponne* has done it, not to fail to treat with Mr. *Vivonne* in this Stile.

The Royal Authority is carried to such a Pitch, at present, as you can hardly imagine: It is no longer usual for his Majesty to rise up, or to pay a Regard to any Body. The other Day a Mother all in Tears, who had lost the finest Youth in the World, desired some Favour of him; he passed on Regardless. After that poor Madame *de Froulé* prostrated herself at his Feet, imploring his Pity with Sighs and Groans: He passed on without making the least Stop.

You ask me, whether Monsieur *de la Rochefoucault* was afflicted for the Loss of Mr. *de Turenne*: Yes certainly, and that very sensibly. As for his own Son, he grieved for him without Restraint. Ask *la Garde*, he will tell you, whether there be in the Court a Man

of greater Honour and Integrity. They are at present at *Lienccour* and *Chantilly* together. He will tell you a hundred Things; you will be happy in having him with you for a thousand Reasons. He will bring you the Perfuming-Pot: The Cardinal has given me Orders to send it to you, and seems to be piqued at it that I have not sent before. I wonder how you could think it consistent with Civility to refuse such a thing. I either doat, or am ignorant of the Rules of good Breeding, if it would not have been the most disobliging, and the most disrespectful Action you could have been guilty of.

I have sent Mr. *de Grignan's* Letter to the Cardinal *de Bouillon*.

Adieu, my Dear! I have only this little News for you to Day.

LETTER XC.

Paris, August 30, 1675.

I Have taken the Resolution to part from hence on the Fourth of the next Month; I shall go directly to *Orleans*. I shall find there Mr. *d' Harouy*, and from thence we shall embark on Sunday after Mass. I very much regret the Interruption of our Correspondence, which will be a little irregular: But my Life is full of things which pain me to the very Soul.

I am just returned from the Service performed for Mr. *de Turenne* at *Saint-Dennis*.
Madame

Madame d'Elbeuf came in to fetch me thither, and the Cardinal de Bouillon invited me in a Manner not to be refused. The Ceremony was very mournful: His Corps was placed in the Middle of the Church. It arrived there the Night before with such a Pomp of martial Sorrow, that Mr. Boucherat, who received it, and who the Evening before had almost died with weeping, did nothing but augment the Sighs and Groans of all that Family, and of all the Domesticks who were in Mourning, and in Tears. There were none of his Friends present, but Messieurs Boucherat, de Harlai, de Barillon, and Monsieur de Meaux. Madame d'Elbeuf almost expired with Grief; with her Vapours were mingled her Sorrows. It was a melancholy Spectacle to see all his Guards standing, every one with his Partisan on his Shoulder, round the Corps they had so ill defended. At the Conclusion of the Mass they carried the Bier, and placed it over the great Altar, where it is deposited. The Ceremony of this Translation of it was very moving; every one was in Tears, and many were not able to restrain their Cries. At last we got into the Chappel, which Madame d'Elbeuf filled with the most passionate Lamentations. When this was over, we returned from thence to a very melancholy Entertainment at the Cardinal de Bouillon's, who would have us there.

I shall go To-morrow and pass the Evening at Livré, to bid Adieu to my charming Abby. The Abbé has been there three Days: He

talks of nothing but a Retreat ; it is the grand Mode at present.

I know no News from *Fontainbleau*, but only that they are to play four Tragedies of *Corneille*, four of *Racine*, and two Comedies of *Molière*.

What say you to the Prince, who has raised the Siege of *Haguenau*, as he put the Enemy to Flight the last Year at *Oudenarde*.

Adieu, my Dear ; embrace me I conjure you ; and tell me no more that you do not deserve my extreme Tendernefs. Why should you not deserve it, if it be true that you love me ? On what other Account can you be unworthy of it ? Embrace me once more, my Dear ; and be contented to let me love you more than myself, since you own you love me a little.

LETTER XCI.

Paris, Monday, Sept. 2, 1675.

I Am parting from hence with an extreme Melancholy at the Thought of removing to a greater Distance from you, and having our Correspondence interrupted for some Days. I leave a Part of my Domesticks sick ; but I shall have an Opportunity to try how it is not to be served according to my own Fancy, and to live a little without Attendants. I shall be pleased to acquaint myself with the Docility of my Temper ; and I shall follow the Examples of Courage and right

right Sense which you give me. Does not Madame de Coulanges do Wonders, in bearing so well to spend her Time in that melancholy Manner at Lyons. It would be a fine Thing, indeed, if I was only able to live with People that I am pleased with. I shall remember your Sermons; I shall amuse myself with paying my Debts, and living upon my own Provisions: I shall think much on you; I shall read, I shall walk, I shall write, I shall receive your Letters. Alas! Life passes away but too swiftly; some Part of it is consumed in every Place.

I carry with me an infinite Number of Remedies, good or ill; I have a kind Opinion of them all, for they are well recommended, and prescribed to me by my good Neighbours and Friends. I hope, however, this Magazine of Medicines will be of little use to me, for I am extremely well in Health.

The Prince, who has raised the Siege of Hagenau, is a little surprised to find himself obliged to be on the defensive, and to be intrenched on the Side of Schelestat: The Gout and the Month of October will not contribute to make him easy in that Situation.

Saint-Thou dreamed the Night before he was killed, that he had had a Quarrel with the Prince of Orange, and that he had said so many rude Things to him, that the Prince had ordered him to be abused by his Guards. He told this Dream, and it was by his Guards that he was killed, very foolishly; for he would not accept Quarter, tho' he was alone against two hundred. It was a very honour-

his Liberty, and that safe Retreat from the Lady of the Castle; whatever the Reason be, his Heart was little interested in any thing farther. He has met with such a Society as hits his Humour; he is gay, and pleased to be free from Trouble. The Fair One trembles and weeps, as fearing this may imply a Diminution of his Flame; and if it were otherwise, she would not be without her Fears and her Sorrows. Thus Repose is banished from this Place. You may make your Reflections on this, as on a certain Truth: I believe you understand me.

With Regard to *England*, Mademoiselle de K—— has not been disappointed in any thing she proposed; she desired to be a Mistress to the King, and she is so. He lodges with her almost every Night in the Face of all the Court: She has had a Son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two Dutchies. She amasses Treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young Actress in her Way, whom the King doats on; and she has it not in her Power to withdraw him from her. He divides his Care, his Time, and his Health between these Two. The Actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle; she insults her, she makes Grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the King from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the Preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable Humour; she sings, she dances, she acts her Part with a good Grace. She

has a Son by the King, and hopes to have him acknowledged. As to Mademoiselle, she reasons thus: This Dutches, says she, pretends to be a Person of Quality; she says she is related to the best Families in France; whenever any Person of Distinction dies, she puts herself in * Mourning. If she be a Lady of such Quality, why does she demean herself to be a Courtisan? she ought to die with Shame. As for me, it is my Profession; I do not pretend to any thing better. The King entertains me, and I am constant to him at present. He has a Son by me; I pretend that he ought to acknowledge him, and I am well assured he will, for he loves me as well as he does Mademoiselle. This Creature gets the upper Hand, and discountenances and embarrasses the Dutches extremely. I like these original Characters.

I thought I could write nothing better from Orleans; these at least are Truths. I am extremely well; and I find the Convenience of being a Substance that thinks, and reads; were it not for these Privileges, our good Abbé would amuse me very little. You know he is generally employed in admiring the Cassette in which he keeps his dear *Louis-d'Ors*; but while he is counting them over, and feeding his Eyes with them, the Cardinal

† Com-

* Mademoiselle K----- went into Mourning for the King of Sweden; a little after the King of Portugal died. Her Rival appeared in a Mourning Coach, and made her this Proposal: Let us agree to divide the World, you shall have the Kings of the North, and I the Kings of the South.

† *Commendon* is very agreeable Company to me. The Weather and the Roads are extremely pleasant: We have such fine Days, as we used to say are made of Crystal, in which we are neither sensible of Cold nor Heat. Our Equipage would carry us very well by Land; it is for our Diversion that we chuse to go by Water.

To prevent your Inquietude, I am in perfect Health; I am very regular in the Management of it, with a View of pleasing you. I love you, my Dearest, and my Tenderness makes the most delightful Employment of my Mind.

I do not boast of a Friendship with Mr. *le Premier*, but I have seen him frequently at Mr. de *la Rochefoucault's*, at Madame de *Lavardin's*, at his own House, and twice at mine. He finds me amongst his Friends, and you know what Kind of Reverberations that causes.

LETTER XCII.

Tours, Saturday, Sept. 14, 1675.

I Received your Letter, my Dear, at Orleans, the Moment before I went into the Boat: It furnished a very pleasing Provision, and was a great Consolation to me in all my Voyage. Amongst many agreeable Things in what you write to me, there is one that I am peculiarly touched with. You tell me that I take a great deal of Trouble on your Account,

† The Life of Cardinal *Commendon* by *Flechier*.

Account, but that it is with perfect Ease to myself, and that this makes it the highest Obligation. This is entering so well into my Thoughts, that I am over-paid by this single Sentiment. I shall one Day have it in my Power to give you a very agreeable Entertainment, by obliging you with the Sight of some of your own Letters.

I know not what to say to you more of Mr. de Turenne, nor of Pertuis; I fear he will be comforted in my Absence. I left Madame de Vaubrun ready to lose her Senses, and Madaine de Langueron ready to die; but, my Dear, I will not answer for any thing: I know nothing; I have my Head in a Sack. I hear, however, that Treves is taken. I doubt Sansé will hardly be found again; his Wife is the more to be lamented.

* *Quanto gli dovia parer il dubbio Buono,
Se, dovea soffrir tanto del certo!*

I think this Consideration is decisive.

I suppose that Mr. de la Trousse is permitted to return upon his Parole, and that he has not lost much of his Equipage. I should pity him, if he had not recovered the Possession of that Idol of his Soul, his dear charming Cassette.

I easily comprehend the agreeable Things Madame de Vaudemont writes to you: She is very amiable. I honour the Amity you preserve for each other, in spite of all that separates

* How little ought she to value the uncertain Good, if she would suffer so much from it, tho' it were certain.

parates you : I commend you for continuing your Correspondence with Fidelity.

I lodged this Night at * *Veret* ; Mr. *d'Efiat* knew of my Voyage ; he came to the River Side with the Abbé to receive me. His House surpasses every thing I have seen that is beautiful, agreeable, and magnificent : The Country is more delightful than any other Spot upon the habitable Earth ; I should never end, if I attempted to describe it. Mr. and Madame *Dangeau* came thither to dine with me, and are gone to *Valencé*. Mr. *Defiat* accompanied us in our Return hither ; we travelled about a League and a half through a Road covered with Flowers ; he has just taken his Leave of us with a thousand different Expressions of Amity for you.

I have nothing to write upon, but a little Paper borrowed from the Hostess, which forces me to conclude. To-morrow we return to our Boat, and steer our Course to *Saumur*. I saw at *Veret* Letters from *Saumur*. It is thought the Prince of *Orange* will retake *Liege*. I am afraid that Mr. *de Luxembourg* will endeavour to hinder him, or attempt some Siege : This gives me a Concern for my poor *Seigné*. It is said, that the Prince will not tarry in *Germany* till the Winter, and that Mr. *de Schomberg* will be sent thither. My Dear, it is not for the Sake of telling you News, but only of talking to you, that I write all this. I remembered the

* This fine Seat on the Bank of the *Cher*, belongs at present to the Comte d'*Aginois*.

the other Day at *Blois* a Place so delicious, where we walked with the *Comte de Chapelles*, where he made a *Parodie* on this *Sonnet* :

* *Je veux finir mes Jours dans l'Amour de Marie.*

My Dear, how much I am vexed to leave you, and how dearly I love you ! I embrace you with a Heart that knows no Equal. If this offends *Mr. de Grignan*, I am sorry for it, and I appease him with a Kiss.

The History of the *Croisades* is very fine ; but the Style of *Father Maimbourg* gives me a very great Distaste. He has gleaned all the false Delicacies which are to be found in the Conversations of such as affect Politeness. If we excuse his Style, it is for the Sake of the History.

LETTER XCIV.

Nantes, Sept. 26, 1675.

I Have been here eight Days, and passed the Time very disagreeably. We are to go To-morrow to *la Seilleraye*, which has been made a very pleasant Place since you was there. I shall carry with me a pretty Country Girl, who pleases me extremely. She is a perfect *Agnes*, at least, as far as I can judge. I have made a Discovery, that she has Wit. She has an immoderate Desire to learn every thing that is proper for a Woman of good Breeding and good Sense, and above the Level

* I will end my Days in the Love of *Maria*.

Level of those One meets with in the Provinces. I have taken a great Affection to her. Her Mother is a ridiculous Devotée. This young Girl has made the best Use that is possible of her Confessor. He is a Jesuit, and a Man of Learning. She begged him to pity her Ignorance and instruct her; her Ingenuity and Application engaged him to teach her a little of every thing; and her Understanding is so far improved, that there is scarce any thing she has not a competent Knowledge of. All this is concealed under a lovely Countenance, finely regular, an extreme Modesty, an amiable Timidity, and a Bloom of seventeen Years. There are many of the Learned who would doubtless offer their Services to impart Wit to her, in the Manner *la Fontaine* describes; but she does not seem inclined to receive any Instructions of this Kind: However, Time, which alters every thing, may perhaps induce her to change her Opinion. It is impossible to sing in a more agreeable Manner the *Airs* of the Opera; and the Delicacy of her Ear is equal to that of her Voice. I wish I had her with me instead of *Mademoiselle du Plessis*, at least for a Month or two. I believe she would not be averse to it; she wishes her Mother was of my Humour.

There came to see me a few Days since, a Gentleman with whom I have some Business, which I am endeavouring to conclude in order to hasten my Return. This Gentleman brought with him a Son of his Wife's, about twenty Years old, whom I thought

to be, without Exception, as agreeable a Figure of a Man as I had ever seen. I told him I had seen him five or six Years ago, and that I wondered, like Mr. *de Monbafon*, how it was possible to grow so much in so little Time. Upon this, there came forth from the Middle of that pretty Face a hideous disagreeable Voice, which pronounced in a ridiculous Tone that sage Observation, that *all Weeds grow apace*. I looked at him again, and methought all his Charms were vanished, and he was metamorphosed into a Satyr. If he had given me a Blow on the Head with a Cudgel, I could not have been more vexed at him. I vowed I would never more place any Confidence in Physiognomy: No, my Dear, I assure you I have done with it; I renounce all Trust in it for the future.

LETTER XCV.

Rochers, Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1675.

IT is two Days, my Dear, since I received your Letter: This was the tenth Day; I might have received it sooner. If the Post had arrived at *Paris* on *Tuesday*, I should have received it on *Friday*, instead of *Monday*. You see I am very curious and exact in my Calculations, but I hope you will bear with them, and consider whence they proceed, and what they tend to. Your Letter touched me sensibly: I fancy you are not unconcerned at this further Remove; you speak of it with Tendernefs. As for me, I felt a Grief from

from it, and still feel it every Day. I thought the Distance we were at before was great enough; a hundred Leagues added to it encreases the Pain it gives me; I cannot dwell on this Thought without a fresh Occasion for your Sermons. What you say in two Words of the little Profit you sometimes receive from them yourself, is a Tenderness I am much touched with. You say you would have me write to you of my Woods; the Barrenness of the Subject cannot make my Letters displeasing to you. These Walks have a Beauty, a Tranquillity, a Repose, a Silence, to which I cannot yet accustom myself. If I think on you, they inspire a Tenderness; whether I am sensible of it, I leave you to imagine, for I am not capable of representing it in all its Force. I am here all alone, and very much at Ease; but I am in Apprehension of Company, that is, of Constraint.

I have been to visit Madame de Tarante; she received me with Transport. Her Opinion of you, shews she has not altogether the Taste of a German: She is pleased with your Person, and, as she imagines, with your Wit. She does not want Wit, according to her Manner. She loves her * Daughter, she is wholly taken up with the Thoughts of her; she tells me what she suffers from her Absence, as the only Person who am capable of condoling with her. I can give you a very good Account of the Court of Denmark; I know nothing of that of France, but I shall not fail

* Since Dutchess of Holstein.

to send you the News of *Copenhaguen*. I must acquaint you, that the Princess *de la Trimouille* is a Favourite of the Queen, who is her Cousin German. There is a Prince, allied by Blood to the King, very agreeable and very gallant, whom we have seen in *France*, and who has a Passion for the Princess; and the Princess may perhaps have some Disposition not to hate him: But there is a Favourite, who is very powerful, called the Comte *Kings-Toghmksfel*, (you cannot be a Stranger to that Name.) This Comte is likewise in Love with the Princess, but she hates him; not but that he is very brave, and well made, has Wit and Politeness, but he is not a Gentleman, and that single Thought is enough to make a Lady faint with pure Aversion to him. The King is his Confident, and is desirous to conclude this Marriage: The Queen is in the Interests of her Cousin, and favours the Pretensions of the Prince: But the King opposes him, and the Favourite makes him feel the Weight of his Jealousy, and of his Power. The Princess weeps, and writes to her Mother Letters of forty Pages. She has demanded her Dismission from the Court, but neither the King nor the Queen will consent to it, tho' for different Reasons. The Prince is removed from the Court on several Pretexts, but he always finds some plausible Occasion to return. At present they are engaged in a War against the *Swedes*; and the Rivals are piquing themselves on the Performance of Romantic Actions to please the Princess. The Favourite tells her, as he takes

takes his Leave of her, I see, Madame, in what Manner you treat me, but I am assured it is not in your Power to refuse me your Esteem. This is the first Tome of the History; you shall not fail to have the Sequel of it: I am resolved, that no Person in *France* shall be better acquainted than you with the Intreagues of *Denmark*. When I have no more to say of this Court, I shall entertain you with * *Pilots*; there is no *Medium* between these important Subjects. I must let you know, however, that these are very great Secrets: Above all, I beg you not to pronounce the Name of the Comte *Kings-Toghmksfel*.

It is true, my Dear, that this is a terrible Year for the Marshal *de Crequi*: I think with you, that he is no where in Safety or in Repose, but amongst the Enemy. He has a little dissipated the Legions that were entrusted to him; but they obeyed him too well in the Day of Battle.

I am informed from all Hands, that Mr. *de Mirepoix* is very much disabused as to the Constraint of keeping his Word, and that we shall not get the Ratification from him but by Dint of Sword. I think, my Dear, you very much forget your Manner of thanking me, which I very much approved: It was by rejoicing with me at the Opportunities I had of serving you; this was extremely obliging.

* A Dancing-master to the King of *Denmark*.

LETTER XCVI.

Rochers, Sunday, Oct. 13, 1675.

YOU say very justly, that the Dates contribute little to make the Letters of those we love agreeable. Alas! why should our Curiosity be so much confined to the Affairs of the Publick! Your Health, your Family, your least Actions, your Sentiments; these are what I am touched with: And I am so well perswaded that you are in my Way of thinking, that I make no Difficulty of talking to you of *Rochers*, of *Mademoiselle du Plessis*, of my Alleys, of my Woods, of the Affairs of our Abbé, of *Copenhaguen*, if Occasion offers. You may therefore firmly believe, that every thing that comes from you appears to me very considerable, and that I am pleased to know every thing, even to your Pieces of Tapestry; and if you want a fresh Supply of Needles, to be employed on it, I can supply you with some that are admirable. I was employed Yesterday on a Piece of Work as tedious as the Company I had; I never work but when I have Company; when I am alone, I walk, I read, or write. *La Plessis* incommodes me no more than *Maria*; I am so happy as to have no Inclination to listen to any thing she says, and find as little Interruption from her Presence as you do from some whom you have the same Kind of Regard for. In other Respects, she has the best Sentiments in the World;

World ; I admire how all the Grace of them is spoiled by her Impertinence and her ridiculous Behaviour. It is pleasant to hear what she says of my Patience in bearing with her, how she explains it, and what Obligations she fancies to herself from it to attach herself to me ; and how I serve her for an Excuse for not visiting her Friends at *Vitré*. It would make One smile, to observe her little Arts to satisfy her Vanity (for Vanity is the Growth of every Soil) and her affected Fears that I am growing jealous of a Nun of *Vitré*, for whom she has a Fondness. All this would make a notable Country Farce.

I must tell you the News of this Province. Mr. *de Chaulnes* is at *Rennes* with a great Number of Troops. He has declared, that if they offer to appear in Arms, or to raise the least Sedition, he will take away the Parliament from that City. The Fear of this makes them bear with every thing : I have not yet heard how these warlike Men behave themselves with Regard to the poor Citizens. We expect Madame *de Chaulnes*, who comes to see the Princess, at *Vitré* : We are in Safety under her Protection ; but I may assure you, that were I only present here, Mr. *de Chaulnes* would think it a Pleasure to shew his Regard for me ; this is the only Circumstance in which I could answer for him. I beg you to be under no Inquietude : I am in Safety here, as in a Province which you say belongs to me.

D Agueville has done me a great Pleasure in removing the Resentment I had against the
Cardinal

Cardinal *d'Estrees*. He informs me that our Cardinal has been refused in a full Consistory on his own Letter; and that after this last Ceremony there is nothing more to fear: So that he is now the third Time a Cardinal against his Will; at least these two last Times, for the first Time, as I remember, he was not much displeased. Write to him to railly him upon this happy Disappointment: Mr. *d'Agueville* is transported; I love him for it. I frequently receive Billets from his Eminence, and my Answers are convey'd to him; I keep this Fairy-Commerce very secret and mysterious, it is the more dear to me: You ought not to fail to write to him too; you would be ungrateful, if you should not preserve for him a great Attachment. He has been a little indisposed, but he is now in good Health; he writes to me, that we have Reason to be contented with his Prudence in submitting to proper Remedies.

Are not you very much afraid of *Ruiter*? *Ruiter* is the God of Sea-Fights. *Guittaut* is unable to resist him: However the Star of the King resists him. There never was a Star so fixed: It dispersed that great Fleet the last Year; it made Mr. *de Lorraine* dye; it repulsed *Montecuculli*; and it will make a Peace, in order to the Marriage of Prince *Charles*. I mentioned this last the other Day to Madame *de Tarante*; she told me that he was already married to the Empress Dowager; and that this Marriage, tho' it has not been declared, would prevent the other. You will see that she will dye, if this creates any
incon-

Inconvenience. Your Reasoning upon Affairs of State is so just, that it is easy to see that you are become a Politician in your Government.

La Trouffe is at *Paris*, and at the Court, oppressed with Caresses and Praises: He receives them in such a Manner as is proper to augment them. It is said that he will have the Charge of *Froulai*; if it should be so, there will be a Remove in that Company, and I have desired our Friend *d'Agueville* to give a little Attention to it, for the Sake of our poor *Guidon*, who languishes in his little Post. I have sent to him to come hither: I have a Mind to marry him to a little Damsel, who is a Jewess by her Race; but in my Opinion Millions are always of a good Family. This is a Thing very much in the Air; I depend on nothing, after having failed of *Mademoiselle d'Eaubonne*. *Madame de Villars* writes to me of fresh Wonders performed by the *Chevalier de Grignan*; I believe they are only the Accounts of his former Actions renewed: But he is really a Gentleman, who has the best Reputation that can be desired. I pray God that the first Gleams of Hope for One of our Daughters may succeed; it would be a very happy Affair. The Indolence of the Coadjutor ought to cease on such Occasions.

Let me tell you a handsome Action of the Procurer General. He had an Estate of the House of *Believre*, which was very legally made over to him, as a Gift: But he return'd it into the Mass of Goods that were given up for

for the Satisfaction of the Creditors. He said he could not accept such a Present, when he considered that it was an Injury to the Creditors, who have honestly paid their Money. This is very heroical ; judge, whether he is not like to be for us against Mr. de Mirepoix : I know nothing more noble, or more ungenerous than these two opposite Characters. Our good Friend the * Abbé is still a hearty Friend : He is the best Champion we have. The Obligations I have to him are innumerable ; but that which makes me most sensible of them, is the Amity he has for you, and his Zeal for your Affairs, and the Manner in which he is preparing himself to confound *Mirepoix*.

I dare not think of seeing you ; when this Hope sinks too deeply into my Heart, and is so unlikely to be gratified, it does me too much Harm. I remember still what I suffer'd during the last Illness of my poor Aunt ; and how soon the Sight of you made me forget that Grief : I have not yet a Prospect of receiving so much Joy. You assure me that you are extremely well ; I pray God that your Health may continue ; I have this Article very much at Heart. As for me, I am in perfect Health : You would much approve the Sobriety and Exercise I use, and the Confinement of my self, like a *Carmelite*, to seven Hours of Sleep. This laborious Life pleases me ; it resembles the Country. I do not grow fat ; and the Air is so soft and kindly, that my Complexion, which many have

* The Abbé de Coulanges.

have so long pretended to admire, is not yet changed. I wish you had the Advantage of passing one Evening here, you would find it preferable to all the Pommades you can use.

All our Province is so much taken up with Punishments, that there is no Thought of Visits; and, without pretending to be over haughty and reserved, I am very much pleased at it. Do you remember when we determined that there was nothing so good in the Province as disagreeable Company, for the Pleasure of seeing them rise to take their Leaves? It is a Pleasure, which I shall not have this Year.

My Dear, if I should continue writing four Hours, I should not be able to tell you to what Degree I love you, and how dear you are to me. I am persuaded you will be under the Care of Providence, because you pay off your Arrears. Continue your Attention to your Expences; this does not fill up any great Breaches; but yet it contributes to make you easy, and that is no inconsiderable Advantage. Is Mr. *de Grignan* discreet? I embrace him in that Hope. I am entirely yours.

L E T T E R XCVII.

Rochers, Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1675.

I Do not entertain too high an Opinion of Mr. *de Lavardin*; I think him to be such as he really is; I am not in the least charmed with his ill-bred Pleasantries, and the Indeli-

cacies of his Behaviour. I see him in the same Light I have always done; but I am so just as to give true Merit its due, tho' it be mixed with what is disagreeable. It is to his good Qualities that I am attached: And I think myself very fortunate, in having expressed to you my Opinion of him in the same Manner at *Paris*; otherwise you might have suspected that I was induced to it by the Charms of a good Reception. In a Word, I shall always wish that those whom I love may have more Agreeablenesses; but I shall be satisfied, if they have as many Virtues. He has more Generosity and Integrity than I have ever met with in a Courtier; you would approve his Manner of Proceeding very much upon certain Occasions, you who speak of him in this Manner. This is what I have to say, my Dear, in my own Justification, which you may be pleased to impart to our good Abbé.

Mr. d'Agueville tells me, that to write once in a Week is enough to give an Account of your Affairs, but not enough to satisfy his Amity; and that he would chuse rather to add a Letter than to retrench one. You may easily judge, that since the Regulation I prescribed did not please him, I laid no Restraint on his Civilities, and left him the Liberty of his *Ecritoire*. Consider, that he writes with the same Fury to all who are out of *Paris*, and visits every Day all who remain here: Such is the indefatigable Race of the d'Aguevilles. You may apply yourself to them, my Dear, with perfect Confidence; their
unconquered

LETTERS.

91

unconquered Hearts are capable of going through with every thing difficult or laborious. I have no longer any Thoughts of sparing him ; I resolve to employ him without Remorse. If I should make a Scruple of fatiguing him to Death, he will die in the Service of some other, who will have less Consideration for him. .He loves only those by whom he is thus oppressed : Let us then oppress him without Discretion.

You have never seen these Woods, my Dear, flourishing in so great Beauty as they are at present. Madame de Tarante was here Yesterday the whole Day ; the Weather was perfectly fine ; she talked much of you ; she admires you more than her little Friend. Her Daughter is sick ; she was very melancholy. I led her to her Coach at the End of the great Avenue : As she pressed me to retire, she told me I treated her with so much Ceremony, that she believed I took her for a German : I replied, Yes, Madame, I certainly take you for a German, I should sooner have obeyed your Daughter-in-Law. She understood me as well as if she had been born in France. Her Birth, methinks, should oblige those who understand the World to treat her with Respect. She has a Romantic Stile in every thing that she relates : I admire, that even those who love Romances should be displeased with it.

Mr. d'Agueville, with his own Hand, (for it is not in this News-Letter writ by his Valet) acquaints me, that Mr. de Chaulnes arrived with his Troops at Rennes on Saturday,

October 12. I thanked him for his Care, and informed him, that Mr. *de Pomponne* had suffered his Picture to be drawn by *Mignard*. But this is only to be mentioned amongst ourselves; for you know his Temper is as delicate as his Complexion.

Do you know that the First President of *Provence* has beat his Wife? I am much delighted with the Flat of the Sword: It is new and gallant. We all know our Wives must be beat sometimes, said a Country Fellow, who presumed to be pleasant upon this Occasion; but the Flat of the Sword is less vulgar than a Cudgel.

It must be owned, that the good Fortune of the *French* every where surpasses all that is credible. Our Enemies do every thing for us, without giving us the least Trouble; they retire, as it were in mere Complaisance, when they see it is in their Power to embarrass us. I will answer to you for the Peace; it seems to me to be so necessary, that in spite of the Conduct of those who oppose it, it will make itself. Adieu, my Dear: I love you with all my Heart, and that in the plain literal Sense, without abating the least Tittle.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

Rochers, Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1675.

HOW fine a Letter you have writ to me! What Thanks do I not owe you, my Dear, for employing your Hand, your Eyes, your Head, your Time, in composing so agreeable

able a Volume ! I have read it over and over, and shall as often repeat it with fresh Pleasure and Attention. I can read nothing that is more engaging ; you satisfy my Curiosity on every Article I can desire ; I admire your Care in giving me such punctual Answers. This makes a Conversation perfectly regular, and extremely entertaining. But I must beg you not to destroy yourself ; this Fear makes me renounce the Pleasure of having frequently such Entertainments ; you cannot doubt but there is the utmost Generosity in the Care I take to spare you the Fatigue of immoderate writing.

I comprehend with Pleasure the high Esteem that is paid to Mr. *de Grignan* in *Provence*, after what I have seen of it. This is a Pleasure you are scarce sensible of ; you are too much accustomed to be loved and honoured in a Province where you Command. If you saw the Horror, the Detestation, the Hatred, the People have in other Places for their Governour, you would taste the Pleasure of being adored every where. What Affronts ! what Injuries ! what Menaces ! what Reproaches ! The very Stones are ready to fly about their Ears. I do not believe Mr. *de Grignan* would accept of this Post upon such Conditions.

You mention to me the Paper you have signed in Favour of Mr. *de Grignan* in such an Heroic Manner. You say you had no Doubt which Way the honourable Sentiments of the Cardinal *de Retz* inclined : I do not say any thing of mine ; it was enough that

you could discern what his Counsels tended to. In certain delicate Affairs, we do not presume directly to advise, but we represent the Case ; the common Friends of both do what is proper for them, that there may be no Opposition between the Interests of those they love : But if One has a Soul so perfectly generous and good as yours, One consults only oneself, and acts precisely as you have done. Have you not seen how much you have been admired ? Are you not pleased that you owe to none but to yourself so noble a Resolution ? You would have done nothing blamable, if you had refused to sign, you would only have acted like the rest of the World ; but, by consenting to it, you have exceeded all the World. In a Word, my Dear, enjoy the Beauty of your own Action, and do not think meanly of us for not having prompted you to it : On a like Occasion, we should perhaps have acted as you have done, and you would have advised as we did ; all this has passed in the best Manner. I am very much pleased that Mr. *de Grignan* is so good as to recompense this Mark of your Friendship and Affection by a greater Attention to his Affairs : The Prudence you commend him for, is the truest Mark of his Gratitude you could have wished. My dear Comte, I am ravished to hear my Daughter is so perfectly satisfied with your Conduct ; I doubt not but you will think it right in you to persevere in it. You cannot fail of this, without appearing ungrateful to her, and injurious to the noble Blood of the

Ademars.

Ademars. I have met with one of your Race, in the History of the *Croisades*, who was a very illustrious Person about six hundred Years ago. He was beloved as you are, and he would never have given a Moment's Inquietude to a Wife like yours. His Death was lamented by an Army of three hundred thousand Men, and mourned by all the Princes in Christendom. Not many Pages after, I find a Governour of a Castle, not altogether so ancient: He is indeed merely a Modern; it was but five hundred and twenty Years since he made a great Figure. I conjure you, therefore, by these two of your noble Ancestors, who are my particular Friends, to give yourself up to the Conduct of *Madame de Grignan* for the Care of your Oeconomy; and to consider how much you will consult your own Advantage in doing so. You see, my Dear, that without designing it, or thinking of it, I have writ a long Letter to *Mr. de Grignan*.

Your Confidence with the Intendant on Account of those two Families, who make so great a Noise, is very pleasant: I love to attack, on Occasions like this, certain Persons who are thought so considerable that we dare not approach them. We need only take Courage; their Menaces are like the false Fires of the Magician in *Tasso*. In my Opinion, lying so openly in a known Matter of Fact as this is, is tendering false Money like *Pomernard*.

If I should write from this Time till Tomorrow, I should not be able to tell you, to

how great a Degree your Episode of *Messina* has diverted me. This Piece is an Original: the Prince and the Minister are both of them admirable Characters. But ——— what is then become of the Valour he boasted of in his Youth? He appears to me at present like the Comte de Culagna in the * *Secchia rapita*: He does not ill resemble the Figure of Sleep in *Ariosto*, or that of *Indolence*, as it is painted by *Despreaux* in the *Lutrin*: But it is not possible for him to remain long in this State. I shall preserve very carefully the Picture of him, which you have given me: It could not have been more excellently done by *Mignard*.

I should be very glad to hear that the Marriage of our Daughter was like to be affected. If you have Nobody more intimate with Mr. de Montausier, employ d'Agueville in it. If he is to be killed by us, we had as good kill him outright. I had designed to have spared him a little; but I have fallen on him afresh, and I do him more Mischief than all the rest of his Friends. Let me advise you to deal with him like me; he is an unexhaustible Friend.

Mr. de Coulanges tells me he has seen the beautiful *Rochebonne*, as it were enchanted, in the most melancholy Castle in all France: I very much pity her. Why cannot she go to Lyons? Madame de Verneuil was there in
November;

* A Mock-Heroic Poem in *Italian*, which is thought to have given the first Hint to the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and to have occasioned those two entertaining Pieces, *The Dispensary*, and *The Rape of the Lock*.

November ; there were with her Madame de Coulanges and the Cardinal de Bonzy.

I am glad you like the History of *Josephus*, and are so well entertained with the Adventure of *Herod* and *Aristobulus*. I beg you to go on, and see the End of the Siege of *Jerusalem*, and the Fate of *Josaphat*. Take Courage ; every thing is beautiful in this Historian, every thing is grand, every thing is magnificent, every thing is worthy of you ; let not an idle Fancy prevail with you to lay him aside. As for me, I am engaged in the History of *France* ; that of the *Croisades* has occasioned my looking into it. This last History does not seem to me comparable to a single Leaf of *Josephus*. Alas ! with how great Pleasure we weep for the Misfortunes of *Aristobulus* and *Mariamne*.

My Dear, why do you tell me that I shall finish the reading of the voluminous Epistle you have sent me with yawning out this Exclamation,

* *Ab que le grands parleurs sont par moy detestez !*

There are in your Book, as you are pleased to term your Letter, a thousand entertaining Histories and Episodes ; and I have spent two Hours in writing mere Nothings to you. I have, in a Word, the Rage of talking myself out of Breath, like the *Doctor* in the *Italian Comedy*. However, I conclude, and embrace you with an extreme Tenderneſs. I am extremely well, the Evenings are long, and it rains : This is all I have to inform you of.

E 5

Mr.

* How much I detest great Talkers !

Mr. *de Tullés* has surpassed all that we expected from him, in the Funeral Oration of Mr. *de Turenne* : It is a Piece worthy of Immortality.

LETTER XCIX.

Rochers, November 10, 1675.

I Am vexed, my Dear, that I have received none of your Letters by this Post ; and I perceive by this little Vexation, how great a Consolation it is to hear from a Person we entirely love. This seems to bring us nearer ; we are entertained with a thousand Thoughts it presents to the Mind ; and tho' they are sometimes mingled with Grief, yet even this is preferable to Ignorance of what concerns our dearest Friend.

We have a little Summer in Autumn, cold, but pleasant, which I like better than continual Rains. I live always Abroad, like a wild Creature. The Vivacity of my Humour depends much on the Weather ; so that in order to know the Temper of Mind I am in, you need only consult the Barometer. But I fear that in *Provence* this Instrument of Philosophy will only amuse you with Representations of the Clouds and Skies, little suitable to the Climate I am condemned to. You are so accustomed to fine Weather, that it scarce seems to engage your Attention : While we, who seldom see the Sun in his full Lustre, are touched with a peculiar Joy, when we feel his kindly Influence. But—
enough

L E T T E R S.

99

enough on the Chapter, so frequently cited, of Rain and Sunshine.

Nothing is so much the Subject of Discourse at present as the Funeral Oration of Mr. de Tully; a Performance not to be recited without being interrupted with perpetual Cries of Admiration. His Text was: * *Domine, probasti me, & cognovisti me.* This was most divinely treated on: I have a great Desire to see it in Print.

They say it is not true, that Mr. de Bailleul is selling his Post. I am apt to think you will say of this, as you did of Mr. de Champlastreux's Mouth, which was drawn up near his Eye: Why is it not as well there as any where else? This, my Dear, is what is called Tattling; for you will easily comprehend, that I do not pretend to tell you News at a thousand Leagues Distance.

L E T T E R C.

Rochers, December 8, 1675.

I Am very much out of Humour To-day, my Dear; I expected two of your Paquets by this last Post, and I have received none. If the Posts had came in tardy, as I believe at present, I ought to have received at least one; for I count upon it that you never forget me. This Confidence in you is just, and I am well assured that it is not displeasing to you: but as gloomy Thoughts are apt to hover over these Woods, I was inclined to be

* O Lord, thou hast proved me, and known me.

be in Pain for you. But since the Abbé assures me, that if any Accident had happened to you, you would have ordered some Person to write to me, I resolve not to entertain this Fear; it is too insupportable. I chuse to lay all the Blame on the Post, tho' I do not comprehend how it can be so excessively irregular, and to hope that I shall hear from you To-morrow: I wish it with all the Impatience you can conceive.

Mr. d'Agueville has a Cold and a little Fever; I am in Pain about it, for I am always apprehensive of Fevers; they say they consummate, but it is Life itself which receives its Consummation from them. Whatever is said of the d'Aguevilles, there is not one of all the Race who is comparable to our good Friend. Has he not already mentioned to you an uncertain Progress, which the King is to take, either in *Champagne* or *Picardie*; since his Favourites, for our Misfortune, have begun to spread Abroad such a welcome Piece of News? They say it is to be for three Months. You see I make the most of that loose Sheet, which he writes under the Notion of News. As for his Letter, it is so full of my Son, and my Daughter, and our Affairs in *Bretagne*, that I should be unnatural if I did not put out my Eyes in decyphering it. Mr. de Lavardin is my Resident at the States; he informs me of every thing. As we sometimes fill up our Letters with a Sentence of *Italian*, I sent him these Lines of *Tasso* addressed by the Shepherd to *Erminia*, to make him

him comprehend the Repose and Indolence
I enjoy here :

* ——— d'ogni oltraggio e Scorno
*La mia Famiglia e mia Gregge illesa
Sempre qui fu ; ne Strepito di Marte
Turbò ancor questa remota Parte.*

My Letter was scarce sent away, when there arrived at *Vitré* eight hundred Cavaliers, whom the Princess was very little pleased with. It is true, they are upon their March; but, upon my Word, they live as if it were in a conquered Country, notwithstanding our good Marriage with *Charles VIII.* and with *Louis XII.* The Deputies are returned from *Paris*. *Mr. de St. Malo*, who is your Relation *Guemadeve*, and a mitred Linnet, as *Madamé de Choisy* told me, appeared at the States perfectly transported, and full of the Goodness of the King to him, and the particular Regard that was shewed him, without having the least Remorse for the Ruin of the Province, which was the agreeable Present he brought with him. His Manner of addressing the Province, could not but be very agreeable to People who on their Parts were in Despair at the ill Situation of their Affairs. He said, that his Majesty was very well satisfied with his good Province of *Bretagne*, and with the Present they had made him; that he had forgot what was past; and that

* My little Family and my Flock have remained here unharmed by any hostile Inroad; no warlike Alarm has yet disturbed this obscure Retreat.

that he had sent his Troops amongst them only as a Mark of the Confidence he placed in them, as One sends One's Equipage Home when One has no farther Occasion for it. As for Mr. *de Rohan*, he behaved in a very different Manner, and much more with the Air of a good Patriot.

This is the * horrid News we have to send you ; I desire to hear what you have to send us in Return to it, and what is become of your *Procureur du Pais*. You need not doubt but the *Fansons* have made great Complaints to Mr. *de Pomponé* ; I suppose you have not forgot to write to him too on your Part, and likewise to Madame *de Vins*, who undertook to write for *St. Andiol*. It is *d'Agueville* only who can serve you, and inform you of what concerns your Affairs there. I am wholly usefess to you † *in questa remota Parte*. It is one of my greatest Uneasinesses ; if ever I find myself again in a Condition to be serviceable to you, you shall see how I will redeem the Time that has been lost. Adieu, my Dear ; I wish you perfect Health ; it is the only Thing that can preserve mine, which you have so great a Concern for ; it is in a very good State at present. I embrace you tenderly ; and should tell you how agreeable and diverting my Son is : But here he comes ; I must not indulge his Indolence, let him shew it in his own Manner.

* *Chiennes de Nouvelles*. The Reader may observe, in the Accounts of these States, many strong Paintings of the Miseries of the People, under this Arbitrary Kind of Government.

† In this distant Retreat.

A LETTER of Mr. de Sevigné.

I Should have nothing to entertain you with, my dear Sister, after what I writ to you three Days since, if I had not spent the Afternoon with Mademoiselle *du Pleffis*, who is still the same charming Creature she always affected to be. This illustrious Beauty, who is to be the Subject of my Letter, has something so furiously agreeable, that she can only be equalled by the amiable *Tisiphone*. Her Lip is covered with a Kind of Fret-work something resembling a Leprosy ; and her bright Eyes have something in them so unsufferable, that we wish for the Defence of an Umbrella even in the Shade. All her Concern at present is, that this Malady on her Lip hinders her from kissing my Mother every Quarter of an Hour. She has had something of the same Kind upon her Arm, which has kept her at Home a long Time : And I unluckily took the Liberty to say, that *Rochers* was not the less agreeable for her Absence. At present, we are in Hopes that she will have a *Tertian* Ague : She has been making her Complaints of it To day, which she renews every Moment to engage our Compassion. She has displayed all her Eloquence in bemoaning herself, as under the dismal Prospect of passing the whole Winter in suffering a Day of Sickness for every two Days she enjoys of Health. By this Means we may expect to be attacked, as it were, by a double *Tertian* ; and we foresee, very
much

much to our Dissatisfaction, that by being reized with her Company, we are like to have two ill Days for the one agreeable Day on which she is confined.

In other Respects, *Rochers* is extremely agreeable. My Mother continues to signalize her Goodness towards this favourite Place, by still adding new Beauties to it. Our good Abbé has spent the Afternoon in drawing Plans, which may remain as Monuments of his Taste, and of my Mother's Magnificence: The Chappel is finished, and Mass will be said in it a Week hence. My dear Sister, may God long preserve to us so good a Mother, and so good an Uncle. I say nothing of my little Post in the Army: Every thing goes so very ill, that I conceive new Hopes from my Disappointments. I embrace you a thousand Times, and Mr. *de Grignan*, whom I perfectly love and Honour. My Mother has just been saying, that she has given no Instructions to that Jackanapes what to write; I was willing to hope she did not mean me, had she not said immediately after, Son, make my Compliments to Mr. *de Grignan*.

L E T T E R C I.

Rochers, December 15, 1675.

YOU have judged very rightly what it is that causes my Indifference for our Return to *Paris*; it is such, that were it not for the Affairs which call us thither, I should see no Reason to prefer one Day to another for leaving

leaving this agreeable Desert : But many Reasons make us resolve to take our Measures so, that we may arrive at *Paris* at the Beginning of *Lent* ; that is the best Time for Pleading, and I am a little like the Comtess of *Pimbêche* ; I hope every thing will go well.

Since you desire to know how the Affair I have with *Meneuf* goes on, I must acquaint you, that he is in Despair upon our serving upon him a certain Instrument of Justice, which leaves him no farther Pretext not to finish the Payment. - He had counted upon a Delay of paying five or six thousand Franes, which is prevented by this Paper. I am obliged to the Abbé for this Discovery, for *Vaillant* had the Paper in his Hands, but did not know the Virtue of it : But it is written in the Book of Fate, that I should be under all Kinds of Obligations to him. I may now expect the Conclusion of this Affair. It is a Pleasure to see the Convulsions of his tricking Temper, which is at a Loss for a Stratagem, and can find no new Pretext.

I cannot imagine what *Berbisy* means ; he tells me positively that he has sent you the Sparrows : I will write to him again about it ; for I love to see with what Expedition Mr. *de Grignan* devours them. In the mean time I embrace him, even tho' it should be the third Day of his cruel thorny Beard : It is, I think, impossible to expose One's Person to Danger with a better Grace. I had resolved to treat the Chevalier in the same Manner ; but I am afraid we shall only have his

his Regiment here. I designed to have told you, that if I could get him hither, I should devour him with Careſſes; but you have prevented me by telling me ſo: I own you have judged very rightly, that I ſhould be extremely pleaſed to ſee him here. If we could be free from theſe exceſſive Rains, I am well aſſured that he would not ſpend his Time here diſagreeably.

Tell me, my Dear, of your Luck at Play, and of your Health. I was not long in Pain about your Cold; it was not the Poſt immediately after I heard of it, that failed. I have ſince received in eight Days four Paquets, two at a Time; there were none of your Letters loſt; as for the Irregularity of the Poſt, it muſt be diſpenſed with. Do not let them know at *Paris* that I ſhall not return thither ſo ſoon: It is not that I apprehend there are any there who would hang themſelves, if they knew of my Delay; but becauſe I would not give *Mirepoix* that Pleaſure.

Adieu, my Dear; you cannot deceive yourſelf in believing that I entirely love you. Here is your Brother coming, who will give you an Account how I ſpend the Faſting-Days, and how the firſt Maſs was celebrated To-day in our Chappel; for tho' it has been built four Years ago, it wanted all the Ornaments neceſſary to make it fit to be uſed. Our Abbé loves you, and conjures you to be always employed in accounting, calculating, and computing, for that ſhould be your principal Care. What ſignifies it to have Money,

Money, if One cannot tell what is due to One? Your Farmers do their Duty much better than ours: You pay off your Arrears better than any Person of the Court; this is a great Honour and Credit to you. I am out of Patience at hearing nothing more of the Marriage of your Daughter. Mr. *d'Ormesson* is marrying his Son to a young Widow; I will let you know, when it will be proper for you to make him your Compliments upon it.

Our States are broke up; we are short of the Money we were to raise by nine hundred thousand Francs: This gives me an Uneasiness on Account of Mr. *d'Harouy*. They have retrenched half the Pensions and Gratifications. Mr. *de Rohan* did not dare, considering the dejected State of the Province, to promote the least Diversion: But that old mitred Linnet of Sixty, Mr. *de Saint-Malo* thought it becoming in him to begin; not, as you may perhaps expect, by appointing some solemn Procession, or the Prayers of forty Hours, but by giving the Ladies a Ball and a Supper. It was a publick Scandal: Mr. *de Rohan*, tho' he was ashamed of it, was forced to continue it. Thus, like the dying Swan, we sing over our own Ruin. My Son will tell you, where he found this Allusion: I believe it was in the latter End of *Quintus Curtius*.

A Con

A Continuation of this Letter by Mr. de Sevigné.

My Aunt *de Biais* furnished me with this Erudition, but she did not furnish me with the Account I am going to give you of what I did Yesterday. You know, or at least you may have Reason to think, that I do not spend all my Time at *Rochers*; so that I am not unacquainted with the Adventures that happen in this Country. There came a great Assembly of the Clergy to assist at the Ceremony of opening our Chappel; Mr. *du Plessis* was amongst them. I thought it proper to chuse for the Subject of the Discourse something that concerned Gentlemen of their Profession; and I began by enquiring what was become of *Monsieur de Ville-Brune*. They told me, he was fled for Refuge to *Basse-Bretagne*, and that he had lost his Benefice. I replied, in my Turn, that I always thought he would not keep it long, and that there would soon be found some cunning Sharper, who would get it from him. I went on to enlarge upon the Misbehaviour of *Ville-Brune*; I assured the Company that the *Capucins* had given me a strange Character of him, and that indeed his Life made all they said of him but too credible; for a Brother who had profanely thrown off his *Capucins* Frock, must certainly be a Man of very ill Principles. This fine Discourse had two very good Effects. The First was, that the Abbé *du Plessis* is the cunning Sharper, who by a horrible Ingratitude made poor *Ville-Brune* lose his Benefice: And the
Second,

Second, that the Rector of *Breal*, who performed the Ceremony, had been himself a *Capucin*; so that my Words were a two edged Sword to those two Reverend Gentlemen, like that mentioned in the Apocalypse, which I had not the Presumption to design to imitate.

Adieu, my dear Sister, continue to love me, and obtain for me the same Favour from Mr. *de Grignan*. Tell him that I love and honour him; and that, finding myself incapable of imitating him in his excellent Qualities, I endeavour at least to make my Beard resemble his, as far as is in my Power; and that I should think my self too happy, if I could give it that glossy Colour, which a Raven might envy, and which makes him appear in your Eyes and mine a perfect *Adonis*.

The charming *La Plessis* is still indisposed. This is the Day in which we are to expect our Fit; pity us, for her Visit, which is worse than that of the Ague, is like to be long, and may perhaps begin by Ten in the Morning. We have lately had in her Place a very pretty Damsel, whose Eyes do not at all resemble hers. By her Means we have set on Foot the Game of *Reversis*, and instead of *biguer* we pronounce it *bigler*. I hope the Pleasure of repeating this simple Term in her Presence, who is so much a Critick, and so impatient of any Impropriety of Expression, will be no unpleasant Revenge on her for her Impertinence. She salutes you with her ruby Lip. If you find any Embarrass in the Date of this Letter,

Letter, it is because my Mother writ her Part of it Yesterday in the Evening after she came in from her Mall, and I write this Morning, before I go out to hunt Squirrels there. To shew you the Age and the Capacity of the little Lads we have with us, she assured us the other Day, that the Day after *Easter-Eve* was a *Tuesday*. Observing us to smile, she corrected herself, and said it was a *Monday*; and finding this did not succeed, she cried out, Oh! what a Simpleton am I! it is a *Friday*. You see what Doubts and Perplexities we labour under; if you will have the Goodness to favour us with your Opinion in this difficult Point, you will extricate us out of a very great Uncertainty.

LETTER CII.

Rochers, Christmas-Day, 1675.

ON this Festival Day, my Dear, I give free Liberty to my Pen to write whatever it pleases. It chuses to begin by relating the Joy I felt in returning hither from *Vitré* on *Sunday* in Peace and Repose, after two Days of tedious Conversations, formal Civilities, and Patience of hearing Things which are prepared for *Paris*. I had however the Pleasure of contesting some Things; as for Instance, the Ball Mr. *de Sainte Malo* entertained the States with. Madame *de Tarante* laughed heartily to see me so warm, and so full of my Reasons for disapproving it. But after all, I had rather live wild in the Woods like

like the four Cats which you may perhaps remember, than be at *Vitré* with the Air of a great Lady. The good * Princess went to her Religious Assembly: I heard them all singing together in a very disagreeable Manner. I felt a sensible Pleasure after it in hearing Mass; I have not for a long Time been so much pleased with being a good Catholick. I dined with the Minister: My Son disputed like a Demon. I went to Vespers in a pure Spirit of Opposition: This has taught me a little to comprehend the sacred Obstinacy of Martyrdom.

My Son is gone to *Rennes* to see the Governor. This † Night we performed our Devotions in our fine Chappel. I have met with another little Country Lass, who is very pretty. Her House borders on my Park. Her Mother is a Daughter of the good old Woman *Maralle*, whom perhaps you may not remember. Her Mother is gone to *Rennes*, and I have kept her with me. She plays at *Trictrac* and at *Reversis*. She is agreeable enough, and has a natural Life and Chearfulness in her Behaviour. Her Name is *Janette*; she incommodes me a little like *Fidele*. *La Plessis* has an Ague. When she comes and finds this Girl here, it is a pleasant Thing to observe her Rage, and her Jealousy, and the Strife

* *Madame de Taranté*. She was a Protestant.

† There is a Mass said on *Christmas-Eve* at Midnight in Commemoration of the Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds; and the Churches are fantastically dressed up in such a Manner, as to represent the Stable in which our Lord was born, and the Adorations there paid to him.

Strife there is between them to hold my Cane or my Muff. But enough of this: I have made a great Article out of Nothing.

The *Fourbius* have an Affair of great Importance, that of the little *Janson*, who has killed in a Duel the Nephew of Mr. *de la Feuillade*. This Affair is before the *Paliament*; and the King has said, that if Justice had been done on the Death of *Chateau-Vilain*, who is supposed to have been killed in a Duel, there would not have been many more. So there is one young Gentleman more, like so many others, obliged to leave *France*, and to reside in Foreign Countries. This has been the Subject of much Intreague.

What is your Opinion of poor *Madame de Piseux*? Her Cold is turned into a Fluxion upon her Breast. This has been a frequent Distemper here. Our Relation *Launois* died of it in three Days: He was of a Temper peculiarly agreeable to me; I am very much afflicted at it. This good Friend of ours *la Piseux* might have done us a thousand Services against *Mirepoix*, and she is dying.

The Cardinal has trusted me with the Secret of his being at *Saint-Michel* to pass the Holy Days; but he desires me to say nothing of it for fear of giving Offence. It was impossible for me to forbear communicating to him all that Article of *Rome* in your last Letter. There is a wondrous Harmony in the Arrangement of every Word of which it is composed: I am well assured he will think it inimitable, and that he will be sensibly touched with all the Beauties of the Stile and Sentiments of his dear Niece.

Ma-

Madame de Coulanges has had a long Conversation with her fat * Cousin, which she hopes will be very much to the Advantage of Mr. de Coulanges. Has not the great Lady writ to you? Madame de Vins has just writ me a very pleasant Letter, and, as you say, fuller of Flattery than her self. She tells me, there is no other Way to prevent desiring my Friendship, but never to have seen me. The whole Letter is in the same Strain: It is a Fagot of Feathers, instead of a Fagot of Thorns. Mr. d'Agueville believes she will be very much in our Interest; tho' she has been a little angry, that what she desired has taken a different Turn.

Do you know *la Boulai*? Yes, I believe. He met by Accident with Madame de Courcelles; to see her and to adore her was the same Thing; a Fancy took them to go to Geneva, where they are at present, and from whence he has writ to Manicamp the pleasantest Letter in the World.

Madame de Mazarin, for her Part, is rambling about the wide World: It is thought she is in England, where you know there is neither Faith, nor Law, nor Priest; but I believe it is not true, as it is said in the Song, that she is for driving out the King too from thence.

Is it not abusing your Leisure, to entertain you with such Fooleries as these? I say such as these, because there are Fooleries of different Kinds. Those which answer to yours, are of the agreeable Kind, and are always

Vol. II.

F

welcome

* Mr. de Louvois.

welcome to such as have a true Taste ; but mere Impertinencies, tho' ridiculous, are not diverting. I conclude with wishing you much Mirth this Festival Season, and with assuring you, that I love you with a perfect Tenderness, which will doubtless accompany me * *in Articulo Mortis*.

Did I tell you, that Madame *de Fontenaux* made a Visit to Madame *de Coulanges*, purely to see your Picture ? No Pilgrimage was ever undertaken in Honour of a lovelier Saint.

L E T T E R CIII.

Rochers, December 29, 1675.

MY dear little Letters are come at last : Do not think I am to be pitied for enduring the Fatigue of reading two at a Time ; you better know my Fondness of them. Whenever I receive one, I always wish for another, and here it is. It is a double Joy, a Hoard of Happiness, as long as I am not in Pain for you. Nothing can make a better Compensation for the Disappointment occasioned by the Irregularities of the Post, which I so much resent ; but I never am guilty of the least Suspicion of your failing to write to me. Would not *Mongobert* acquaint me with it, if any thing should happen to prevent you ? Pray let me know how she does : I love and embrace her. I return to the Post : It is the Winter which causes these Irregularities. It must be confessed, that
your

* In the last Agonies of Death.

your Letters deserve well to be expected, and received in the Manner I receive them. I have received Letters from Madame *de Vins*, from Mr. *de Pompone*, and *Corbinelly*. I have clenched the Nail, with Regard to *Corbinelly* and his Muse, by declaring, that I will put upon the same Foot what I demand of him, and what she demands of me. You will see that Madame *de Vins* has still at Heart what she writ to you about : Since she gives you so fair an Opportunity to justify yourself, do it, my Dear, and tell your pretty little Reasons, that they may be heard, and that none may any longer think you to blame. Mr. *de Pompone* has scarce forgiven me yet, for saying in Madame *de Vins*'s Letter, that he loved the Bishop of *Marseilles* better than he did me. In a Word, all our Friends of that Clan are very kind and hearty ; and Mr. *d'Agueville* tells me, that we have all the Reason in the World to be satisfied with them. All your Reasons have been represented, and every thing has been done in the Manner you directed ; he fears only Mr. *Colbert*. For my Part, I believe this Affair will be referred to the Intendant, and that is what you desire. I believe it would be better, if Things were ordered to continue as they are : But alas ! in this World, where we do what we can (and this holds true with Regard to you as well as to us) do we do the Half, (God preserve us from it) or even the Quarter of what we would ?

We have been made to expect the Departure of *Figuriborum* : I do not say the Peace ;

for you will never believe that a Treaty can be signed by him. How pleasant you are in recollecting a Time so different from the present? Could we have ever thought, that *Figuriborum* would have made a Figure? Never was any Man ridiculed as he has been. It must be owned, that you have the most extraordinary Address in raillying, of any Person in the World. Here is a little awkward Figure of a Man, who has had the Vanity to boast, that he had escaped from your Pleasantries; and you are desirous of letting him see that he is still as much in your Power as ever: But, seriously, are not you afraid of being excommunicated?

What say you of the Marriage of *la Motte*? Is there any Necessity of Beauty, Youth, or Conduct, to procure a Settlement for a young Woman? The Goodness of Providence! We can only have Recourse to that.

Madame *de Pisieux* is raised to Life again: But is it not dying twice within a very little Time? For she is fourscore.

Madame *de Coulanges* tells me all the good Company we have in our Quarter; but this does not engage me to return thither sooner than I had designed: I am only drawn thither by Affairs; for as for Pleasures, I hope for none. The Winter is not here what it is imagined to be; it gives me no Horror. We follow your Advice as to my Son; we consent to make a few false Appearances; and if we are refused, we shall be but even with the Ladies, who cannot complain, unless Dissimulation be their peculiar Privilege.

In the mean time, while he expects the Success of this Amour, he is very agreeable Company to me here, and finds me not less so to him; there is not the least Air of Maternity in our Manner of conversing. The Princess is surpris'd at it; she who has only a Booby of a Son, who has not the least Spark of a Soul in his Body. She is very much aggrieved by the Troops, which are arriv'd at *Vitré*; she hop'd with Reason to have been exempted from them; but notwithstanding that she has a good Regiment in her Town. It had been a pleasant Thing, if it had been the Regiment of *Grignan*.

Do not you intend to read the Essays on Morality, and give me your Opinion of them? For my Part, I am charmed with them. I am very much so with the Funeral Oration of Mr. *de Turenne*; there are Passages in it, which ought to have made all that assist'd at it weep. I do not doubt but it has been sent to you; tell me, if you do not think it very fine. Have you no Thoughts of finishing the History of *Josephus*? We read much, as well Things of a serious Kind, as Pieces of Levity; and are equally entertained with Fable, and with History. We are so deeply engag'd in these Amusements, that we have scarce Leisure for any thing besides. They pity us at *Paris*; they think us confin'd to a Fire-side by the Inclemency of the Season, and languishing under a Famine of Diversions. Alas! my Dear, I walk Abroad; I find a thousand Amusements; the Woods have nothing wild or inhospitable. It is not for passing

sing my Time here rather than at *Paris*, that I am to be lamented.

Mr. *de Coulanges* has great Hopes, from a Conversation his Wife had with Mr. *de Louvois*. If they had the Intendancy of *Lyons*, as their Father-in-Law had, it would be an excellent Thing. It is pleasant to see the World! all of them firmly believing there is no Happiness out of *Paris*, and yet labouring to establish themselves at a hundred Leagues Distance from it. I cannot comprehend the new Passion of *Charmant*; it is not to be imagined that he can find more than one Subject of Conversation to entertain a Mistress of so low a Taste, as Madame de ——— said very well. They say her Husband has forbid her any other Company but that of Madame *d'Armagnac*. This strikes my Imagination in the same Manner as I am apt to think it will yours, my Dear; I fancy I see this ancient *Medea* armed with her Wand, and dispersing at her Pleasure all those airy Fantomes, the Gallants. They say that Mr. *de la Trouffe* has formed a Design upon *la Maison*; but I do not know whether he has yet obtained his Liberty. I should sing the Reverse of the Song of the last Year:

* *La Trouffe est Vainqueur de Brancas,
Testu ne lui resiste pas,
De lui seul Coulanges est content,
Que chacun chante.*

But

* *La Trouffe* has conquered *Brancas*; *Testu* is not able to resist him; *Coulanges* is satisfied with him alone. Let every One sing his Victories.

But I sing this only between you and me, my Dear; I know that in other Company I must change my Tone; you are trusty and discreet.

The Length of our Answers gives us terrible Apprehensions; it makes us comprehend the vast Distance there is between us. Alas! my Dear, how sensible I am of it; and how much Melancholy does it give me! Were it not for this, should I not be too happy in having such a Son with me? He will tell you himself, how unhappy he is in being at such a Distance from you. Adieu, my Dearest. Write to me of your Health and your Beauty; every thing of this Kind delights me. I have my Health as well as you can desire. I expected your Brother, but he is not returned. He is but a tender Creature yet. If he should marry, while he is upon this little Expedition! But I am well assured they detain him upon no serious Design; if he diverts himself there, it is well. Adieu, my Dearest. Does Mr. de Grignan salute me?

L E T T E R CIV.

Rochers, January 1, 1676.

WE have now begun the next Year, as Mr. de Monbason said. I wish it may prove happy to you; and, if you believe the Continuation of my Amity can make any Part of that Happiness, you may safely count upon it.

I have here a Letter from Mr. d'Agueville, which will inform you of the agreeable Success of our Affairs in *Provence*. It much exceeds my Hopes; the utmost Extent of which you will see by the Letters I received a few Days since, which I will send you. This Thorn is now happily taken out of your Foot; this Den of Thieves is demolished; the Credit of this Cabal is vanished. But let me advise you to use your Victory with Moderation: Consider that, as our Friend d'Agueville says, Prudence and Generosity oblige you to it.

You will see how I betray his Secret to you, for the Pleasure of shewing you the Inside of the Cards, which he designs to conceal even from yourself. But I cannot consent to leave you under any Doubt of the Sentiments you ought to entertain for this generous Friend, and for his Sister-in-Law: For it appears to me, that they have done even beyond what they have writ to me; and as the utmost Recompence, they desire no Acknowledgment. Treat them therefore in their own Way, and enjoy in Silence their true and solid Friendship. Take Care not to let slip the least Word which may discover to this obliging Gentleman, that I have sent you this Letter: You know the Rigour of his Exactness would not let him comprehend how such a Licence could be allowable. Thus, my Dear, I deliver myself up to you, conjuring you not to draw me into a Quarrel with so good a Friend, to whom we have so great Obligations. In a Word, I put myself into your
Hands,

Hands, and knowing your Fidelity, I apprehend no Danger from thence : But you must likewise answer for Mr. *de Grignan* ; for it would be no Satisfaction to me to have my Secret betrayed by him, tho' in the most Gentleman-like Manner.

I have another Secret to tell you : This is with me a Day of revealing Secrets, and likewise of discovering disappointed Lovers. Your Brother is returned from *Rennes* ; the only Trophy he has brought from thence is a simple Song, which has made me laugh. It expresses in Verse a Part of what I told you the other Day in Prose. We have thought of a very agreeable Match for him, but it is not yet ripe ; the Fair One is not quite fifteen, and they would have her a little more advanced in Years, before they think of marrying her.

What do you say to the ingenious Damsel we mentioned to you in our last, who was at a Loss to determine the Day after *Easter-Eve* ? She is a pretty little Creature, and diverts us much ; her Age is under fourteen. I wish you had seen her in a Morning devour a Strip of Bread and Butter as long as from hence to *Easter*, and in the Afternoon scrump up green Apples with brown Bread. Her easy Behaviour, and agreeable Figure, are a Relief to us after we have been teized with the Impertinence and Affectation of *Mademoiselle du Pleffis*.

Have they not sent you the Funeral Oration of Mr. *de Turenne* ? Mr. *de Coulanges* and the little Cardinal have almost ruined me in

the Postage of Letters ; but I am pleased with this Expence. It seems to me, that I have never seen any thing so fine as this Piece of Eloquence. They say that the Abbé Fléchier has Hopes of surpassing it ; but I defy him. He may perhaps give us a finer Picture of a Hero, but not a finer Picture of Mr. de Turenne : This is what Mr. de Tullés has performed inimitably in my Opinion. The Portrait of his Heart is a Master-piece : That genuine Nature, that Truth and Integrity of which it was formed ; in a Word, that amiable Character, equally free from the supple Demeanor of Pride, and the affected Reservedness of false Modesty, is represented so much to the Life, that I am charmed with it ; and if the Criticks cease to esteem it, since it has appeared in Print,

I thank the Gods that I am not a Roman.

Will you not yet say one Word of the Essays on Morality, the Treatise of tempting God, and the Resemblance between Self-Love and the Love of Others ? It is a fine Conversation that we maintain at a hundred Leagues Distance : However, we do all that is possible to be done in such a Situation.

I send you a Billet writ by the Abbess who is so famed for her Politeness and good Sense. Tell me, if these little Pieces, which her serious Character sometimes allows her to condescend to, are not very entertaining : This Sample may suffice to give you a Taste of the Agreeableness of her Wit.

Adieu,

Adieu, my Dearest ; I recommend to you all my Secrets. I resign the Pen to the pretty Gentleman who stands at my Elbow. He says you dipped yours in Fire to write your last Billet to him : It is true, nothing was ever so pleasant.

Continued by Mr. de Sevigné.

Why did I say in Fire ? It was in Gall and Vinegar that you dipped that impertinent Implement, employed by you in making so many ridiculous Reflections, begging your Pardon, on your humble Servant. From whence does a Lady, so skilful in Gallantry, conclude that I am incapable of chusing a Mistress ? Is it because I was for three Years devoted to a pious Damsel, who was only to be captivated by a Lover qualified to charm her by the winning Eloquence of his Sermons, and the graceful Manner of bestowing his Benedictions on the prostrate People ? You have great Reason to believe that I was soon disengaged from her Chains. You know me to be too good a Catholick to dispute any thing with the Church : And it is a Regulation long since made, that the Clergy are to have the Preference of the Nobility in obtaining Favours from Ladies. There has lately fallen into my Hands a Billet composed by this great Luminary of the Church. He addressed it to the Saint he adored, and humbly implored her to answer his Tenderness by some Mark of hers. These are his Words : " Refuse me not, I beseech
" you

“ this Grace, and consider that you will
 “ perform to me a singular Office — of
 Christian Charity, I presume. Was not this
 very moving ? If my Letters to Madame de
Choisy were less passionate, they were not per-
 haps less gallant. I am now again grown a
 Slave to another brown Beauty, since I have
 been at *Rennes*. It is Madame de ———
 she that behaved herself so prettily at the
 Church of the *Capucins* : You may remember
 that you diverted us with mimicking her.
 She is grown a Wit, and repeats the Elegies
 of the Comtesse de la *Suze* in the Dialect and
 Accent of *Bretagne*.

That precious Piece of Affectation Made-
 moiselle du *Plessis* is always with us from nine
 in the Morning. She gave us the other Day
 the pleasantest Account in the World of a
 little secret Malady which had given her
 great Uneasiness. She said she was come to
 pay her Devoirs to my Mother, as soon as
 she could dispatch a certain Remedy, not
 unknown to the Fair, and often prescribed in
 Civil Terms to refresh and mollify the En-
 trails ; which she had been obliged to have
 recourse to, in order to allay a Soreness
 occasioned by plentifully discharging a sharp
 Humour by the Help of *Rhubarb*.

I wish you a happy Day and a happy Year,
 my dear Sister ; and desire the Favour of you
 not to insult me, or undervalue my Taste,
 which I assure you is very good : I leave it
 to be judged of by the Amity I have for
 Mr. de *Grignan*, whom I perfectly honour.

LETTER

LETTER CV.

Rochers, Sunday, Jan. 5, 1676.

HERE they are both of them, my Dear, and they are both very heartily welcome. I never yet received three of them at a Time; I should have been quite out of Patience, because I must have waited for them twelve Days; I think it too much to wait eight. As to my being fatigued with so much reading, it is impossible your Stile should ever cloy; I should defy even you, who pique yourself upon such an extreme Delicacy and Inapplication, as renders it difficult for the most artful Writer to engage your Attention, to forbear to read even with Eagerness the least Part of such Letters as yours. This is a Pleasure you have no Possibility of experiencing, and which I have dearly purchased; I would not advise Mr. *de Grignan* to envy it me.

You have much obliged me by explaining to me the Reasons of your going to *Lambesc*: I should not have failed to have asked with Surprise and Concern, what urgent Affair can have drawn her thither? I think the little Uneasiness of your having a wry Neck, was well recompensed by its excusing you from the Fatigue of dining with such a Crowd as you have escaped by it; you did very well in leaving your Herd to feed by themselves.

I shall never forget the Astonishment I was under at a Midnight Mass, when I heard one
of

our profane Airs sung as a Part of that religious Ceremony; this Novelty surpris'd me extremely.

I suppose you have by this Time read the Essays on Morality. Tell me, are you pleas'd with them? *Josephus* is one of the noblest Historians One can read: You must confess there is a Grandeur and a Dignity in his History, which you can find in no other. If you entertained me more with yourself and your Manner of employing your Time, I should have less to say of my own Amusements, and our Correspondence would be more agreeable. Between Friends who entirely love each other, and interest themselves much in each others Thoughts, nothing is more pleasing than the mutual Entertainment of speaking of themselves. We should even retrench much from our Accounts of Things foreign to us, and enlarge the more on the delightful History of ourselves, in order to make our Conversations agreeable to those who are most intimately endeared to us. You may have seen, by what my Son has said of her in his Letter, that the Damsel we are so familiarly acquainted with, gives entirely into this Opinion: she agreeably instructs us in all the Particularities relating to her Person which we can have the least Curiosity to know.

It would be well if our Soldiers here were like your *Cordeliers*; they only amuse themselves with stealing and plundering; the other Day they were for making the Experiment of putting a young Child upon the Spit; it
would

would be endless to relate their other Disorders. Mr. *de Chaulnes* writ to me, that he desired to make me a Visit; I very graciously designed him not to give himself that Trouble, and frankly told him, I renounced the Honour for the Sake of the Embarras it would occasion, since I could not receive him here with so much Ease as at *Paris*.

You have seen my Letter of Consolation to B——; you paint him to me so very naturally, that I still fancy his very Thoughts are visible to me, if that be possible, for I own there is a great Obscurity in his Words.

You tell me very seriously, speaking of my Letter, that your Father and I were not at all akin to each other: I desire to know how he was allied to you in your Opinion? If you do not answer me to this Question, I will ask the little Damsel who is with us; perhaps she may resolve this Difficulty as learnedly as she determined that concerning the Day after *Easter-Eve*. We are so much taken with her Ingenuity, that *Mademoiselle du Pleffis* is almost dying for Jealousy of her. She is solicitous to enquire of all the Family how I treat her; and there are none of them to whom it is not a Piece of Diversion to stab her to the Heart, by giving her repeated Instances of my Fondness for this little Rival of hers. One tells her, that I love her as well as I do my Daughter; another, that I make her lie with me, which would certainly be a great Mark of my Tenderness for her; another says, that I intend to carry her along with me to *Paris*, that I kiss her, that I doat
on

on her, that my Uncle the Abbé will give her ten thousand Livres; and that, if she had but twenty thousand Crowns, I should certainly marry her to my Son: In a Word, there are such Fooleries of this Kind; and they are so much the Subject of Discourse amongst my Domesticks, that we are frequently constrained to laugh at the Variety of Tales they create. In the mean time, while we are diverting ourselves, poor *dù Plessis* is dying with Envy. But the pleasantest Thing of all is, that you should know her so well, and reason so justly, when you observe upon her, that if her Ague leaves her upon my Approach, she certainly counterfeits it; however, she has been teized so much, that I believe we shall give it her in good Earnest: This Family is certainly destined to divert us. Did I never tell you, how her Father kept us in a continual Laugh for six Weeks together? My Son begins to comprehend that this Neighbourhood makes the greatest Beauty of *Rochers*.

I think there is something very pleasant in the Rendezvous of your Traveller with Mr. *Deverguez*. Their Arrival on the same Day at the *Cape of Good Hope*, seems to have fallen out as exactly, as if they had agreed to meet upon the Plain at a certain Hour, in order to a Hunting-Match. You cannot doubt of the Pleasure it would be to me to converse with this Gentleman from the *Indies*, if you remember how much I have importuned you to read *Herrera*, which I have read with great Delight. If you have as much Leisure and
Appli-

Application as I have, this *Spanish* History would furnish an Entertainment worthy of you.

Our good Friend *d'Agueville* passes to and fro between *Paris* and *Saint Germain* without ceasing, for the Sake of our Affairs; were it not for this, we should scarce pardon him for the tedious Letters he favours us with. I confess to you, that Passage you speak to me of, has a little too much Repetition; but you will pardon my Curiosity which begun it, and my Pen continued it; for I assure you the Pen has often a great Part in that endless Flow of Words with which our Letters are filled. To begin the Year, I wish that mine may be as pleasing to you, as yours are agreeable to me.

The good Princess still loves me; she has been a little indisposed, and has invented a Kind of a Machine to make her sweat, which is the sovereign Remedy she uses in all her Distempers. The late Comte *de Lude* said, he had never had any Illness in which he was not relieved by sweating. It is Mr. *de Chesnay's* Remedy for all bodily Pains; and if I had a wry Neck, and made use of the Princess's Remedy, you would be surpris'd to hear that I was under the *Archet*. The Princess always speaks Wonders of you; she knows you, and esteems you. For my Part, I believe that, according to the ancient Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls, your last Stage of Life was in *Germany*; you was, doubtless, that King of *Sweden* who was formerly one of her Lovers; and from thence she

she has derived those Impressions of Esteem and Affection she has for you. Adieu, my Dear; all of our Family salute yours. But here comes your Brother.

A LETTER of Mr. de Sevigné.

YOU are not able to comprehend, my dear Sister, how extremely pleasant that is which you say of Mademoiselle *du Plessis*, that you are confident she has taken the Pains to act an Ague this Year, to make it fall out so exactly, that it should leave her the very Day my Mother came to *Plessis*. The Joy of hearing that my Mother came to *Plessis*, it seems, transported her to such a Degree, that she vowed by all that is sacred, she found herself well on a suddain, and was angry that she was not dressed. The Company replied by asking her, whether she did not feel some little Shivering, some Symptom of the expected Attack of her Ague? Come on, replied this unparalleled Dissembler, let us play, let us divert ourselves; let us speak no more of my Ague; it is a sordid interested Distemper. How do you mean interested, said my Mother? Yes, Madame, interested; it would have me all to itself. I should think it generous in that, replied my Mother, softly to herself. This severe Repartee did not hinder, but that the Pleasure of seeing so much good Company at her House banished the Ague, which she in Reality had not; but we hope the Excess of her Jealousy will soon give it her. We are under some Apprehensions that she

she will poison the little Damsel, who goes every where by the Name of the Favourite of Madame *de Sevigné*, and of the Princess. She said Yesterday to Mr. *Rabuel*, I had the Satisfaction, as I was sitting down at the Table, to see Madame push away this Little Girl, to make room to place me next to herself. *Rabuel* replied in his rough Manner, Oh Mademoiselle, I do not wonder at that, it was only doing Honour to your Age; besides, this young Girl is considered at present as one of the Family; Madame treats her as if she was a younger Sister of Madame *de Grignan*. This was all the Consolation she had.

You have Reason to speak ill of the Troops in *Bretagne*; they do nothing but kill and plunder; they do not at all resemble your Monks. Though I am very well satisfied with my Mother and my Uncle, and have some Reason to be so; yet I think I had best take your Advice, and turn them out of Doors at the End of this Month: however, that I may do it in a handsome Way, I will send some Guards with them to *Paris*, to prevent their being robbed, as they pass thro' a Province so safe under the Protection of Military Government. Adieu, my dear Sister; I salute Mr. *de Grignan*: He makes me no Answer, but I will take my Revenge of him by continuing in good Health, and coming off safe every Campaign.

These are excellent Fooleries to entertain you with. If the Post knew what trifling Materials our Paquets are made up of, they would leave them in the Middle of the Way.

L E T-

LETTER CVI.

Paris, Friday, April 10, 1676.

THE more I think on it, my Dear, the more I am against your making me a Visit only for a Fortnight. If you come to *Vichy* or to *Bourbon*, it ought to be in order to come on hither, and be with me, and we will pass the Remainder of the Summer and the Autumn there. You shall govern me, and Mr. *de Grignan* shall come and see you in the Winter, and dispose of you in his Turn as he thinks proper. It is thus you ought to visit a Mother, it is thus you ought to comfort her, after she has suffered a painful Illness, and a thousand other Incommodities, and lost the flattering Imagination of being immortal. At present she begins to feel some little Doubts, and is mortified to such a degree as to believe that she may one Day pass like others in the Bark of *Charon*, and that she is not exempted from his Jurisdiction. My Son is going away; I am very melancholy upon it, and feel a sensible Grief from this Separation. We see nothing at *Paris*, but Equipages preparing for the Campaign; the Complaints of the Necessity of parting from hence are greater than ordinary, but I believe none will stay behind any more now than in other Years. You see that my Hand Writing begins to return to its usual Form: I reckon the Cure of my Hand chiefly to consist in that; it well knows that I will excuse it
for

for some time from any other Exercise. I cannot yet lift any thing with it; a Spoon seems a ponderous Machine. I am still forced to submit to such Regulations as are very troublesome and mortifying; but I complain of nothing, since I write to you. The Dutchess de Sault visits me like one of my antient Friends; I seem to be agreeable to her. She came twice with Madame de Brissac. What a Contrast is there between these two Characters! The First of them would certainly please you. My Hand desires to repose it self; I owe it this Complaisance, for that it has had for me.

Continued by Mr. de Sevigné.

* *Je vais partir de cette Ville,
Je m'en vais Mercredi, tout droit a Charleville:
Malgre le Chagrin, qui m' attend.*

I did not think it proper to finish the Parody of this Stanza, because all my History is comprehended in three Lines. You cannot conceive the Joy it gives me, to see my Mother so well recovered. I still insist on it, that you ought to come and see her at Bourbon; you may return hither with her, and stay here, till Mr. de Grignan returns to give a new Lustre to your Beauties, and make you appear in the Language of Castille,

† La

* I am leaving this Town; I shall set out on Wednesday for Charleville, in spite of all the Vexations that attend me there.

† *La gala del pueblo,
La flor del Avril.*

If you follow my Advice, you will be happier than I am; you will see my Mother, without feeling the Pain of parting from her in two or three Days, a Pain that is usually accompanied with other Uneasinesses easy to be imagined. I am still a *Guidon*, an eternal *Guidon*, a *Guidon* with a grey Beard: What comforts me is, that all Things in this World have an End, and there is no Probability that this only is excepted from the general Rule. Adieu, my dear Sister; wish me a happy Voyage: I fear the interested Soul of Mr. de Grignan will forbid you to make so kind a Wish.

Concluded by Madame de Sevigné.

Adieu my Dear: I embrace the Comte, and conjure him to enter into my Interests, and my tender Sentiments.

L E T T E R CVII.

Paris, Wednesday, April 29, 1676.

I Must begin by telling you that *Conde* was taken by Storm on *Saturday* Night. This News at first makes one's Heart beat; it was feared that this Victory had cost us too dear, but it does not prove so; we have lost some Soldiers, but none of any Note; this may be reckoned

† The Pride of the Village, the Flower of *April*.

reckoned a compleat Happiness. *Laré*, the Son of Mr. *Lenet*, who was killed in *Candia*, or his Brother, is dangerously wounded. You see how soon our old Heroes are forgot.

Madame de Brinvilliers is not so much at her Ease as I; she is in Prison. She endeavours to pass her Time there as pleasantly as she can, and desired Yesterday to play at *Piquet*, because she was very dull. They have found her Confession: She informs us, that at the Age of seven Years she ceased to be a Virgin, and that she had ever since went on at the same Rate; that she had poisoned her Father, her Brothers, one of her Children, and herself; but the last was only to make trial of an Antidote. *Medea* had less of this guilty Skill. She has owned this Confession to be her own Writing: It was an unaccountable Folly; but she says, she was in a high Fever when she writ it; that it is a Frensy, an Extravagance, which does not deserve to be read seriously.

The Queen has been twice at the *Carmelites* with *Madame de Montespan*. This Lady last mentioned had a Fancy to make a Lottery; she got together a Collection of every Thing that could gratify the Nuns; this made a great Diversion in the Convent. She talked a great while with * *Louise*, a Sister of the Convent, called

* It is probable, that more than mere Curiosity induced *Madame de Montespan*, who perhaps had Thoughts of a like Retirement, to make so pressing an Enquiry of this beautiful Nun, who seems to have retired on a like Motive, whether she found a real Satisfaction from her religious Retreat.

called *La Misericorde*; she asked her whether it was true that she was so perfectly easy there, as it had been generally reported? She replied, I am not only easy, but I am perfectly happy in this Retirement. She had a great deal of Discourse with her about the Prince's Brother; and asked her whether she had no Message to send him, and what she should say to him from her? The fair Recluse replied with the most agreeable Air, and in the sweetest Accent that can be imagined, Whatever you please, Madame, whatever you please; but let me beg the Favour of you to express it with all the Grace, all the Wit, and all the Modesty, you know so well how to give it. I tell you the simple Fact, just at it passed, without the least Paraphrase.

You congratulate me upon the Hopes I have of finding Madame *de Brissac* at *Vichy*, and you ask me, what Entertainment I can promise my self from her? I have made choice of her, my Dear, to teach me Plainness and Sincerity in Conversation. If I had had my Son with me the other Day, whom I might have employed as my Secretary, I would have sent you a Sketch of the superficial Conversation she engaged us in in this Room.

You say, my Dear, you fancy you have taken the Remedies prescribed to you; you are very happy: I wish I could bleed in Imagination; they say it is a necessary Preparation in order to my drinking the Waters.

To Mr. de Grignan.

I Assure you, my dear Comte, that I should be a thousand times more pleased with the Favour you mention to me, than with that of his Majesty. I believe you begin to be of my Opinion, and that you comprehend the extreme Desire I have to see your Wife, without coming to take upon me the Management of your Family, as your Coal-man does; I believe, on the contrary, that you are the chief of all the Coal-men, and that no Man can have the Preference to you under any Title whatsoever. But be generous, and when she has acted the Part of a good Wife a little longer, bring her to me, and bid her now act that of a good Daughter. It is thus that a Man of Honour acquits himself of his Devoirs; and this is the only Means to restore me to my Health and to my Life.

How pleasant you are in speaking still of *Cambray*. We shall have taken another Town before you will have heard of the taking of *Condé*. What think you of the Favour Fortune has done us, in bringing our Friend the Turk into *Hungary*? *Corbinelly* is much pleased with it: I shall have a warm Dispute with him upon it.

I return to you, my Dear, and embrace you in the most affectionate Manner. Here is Mr. de *Coulanges*, who will tell you in what Manner Madame de *Brinvilliers* has endeavoured to destroy herself.

Continued by Mr. de Coulanges.

She thrust in a Truncheon, not into her Eye, not into her Ear, not into her Mouth ; I leave you to guess where. The Wound was so very deep, that she would certainly have died, if they had not come in Time to her Assistance. I am very well pleased, that the Poems I sent were agreeable to you. I expect with Impatience the Return of Mr. *de Bandol*, to know what Reception he gave to the Poem, intituled, *Tobit*. He must certainly have had the Address to impart it to you, without Offence to the Purity of a Soul, which you have so newly washed in the salutary Streams of the Jubilee. Your Mother is going to *Vichy* ; I shall not follow her thither because my Health has been a little better for some Time. I believe I shall not go to *Lyons* : So that you must come to *Paris*, and bring your fine Face along with you, if you expect a Kiss from me. I salute Mr. *de Grignan*, and acquaint him, that Mr. *de Luffan* has gained his Suit, that he may thank me for it, if he thinks it proper.

LETTER CVIII.

Moulins, Thursday, June 18, 1676.

SINCE, my Dear, you will have me write to you from a Place more remote, and the Fatigue of returning an Answer in four Days incommodes you ; alas ! I am removing
to

to a greater Distance from you : But it will not be without Reluctance, nor without making all the Reflections we have already made on the Laws we impose on ourselves, and the Pains we suffer, by preferring so often our Duty to our Inclination. I am going to give you a good Example of it. To alleviate this Sorrow, I confess, my Dear, that I carry with me the Hopes of seeing you this Winter.

Ruiter is dead ; I leave to the *Hollanders* the Care of regretting him. You seem to be the more at Liberty to quit your Province : I believe, therefore, that you will give me this Proof of your Amity, which I believe to be hearty and sincere, and it would be a little too unkind to refuse me this Mark of it.

I parted Yesterday from *Langlar* : the Princess *de Tarante* had sent a Servant, to tell me that she should be here on *Tuesday* the 16th : *Bayard*, with his perfect Wisdom, would not comprehend the Necessity of her parting from thence so soon ; he detained the Servant, and assured me, she would expect me there till *Wednesday*, which was Yesterday, and that he would attend me thither. I put myself under his Conduct ; we arrived here Yesterday ; the Princess was gone from hence by the Break of Day, and had writ to me all the Lamentations of *Jeremiah*. She is returned to *Vitré*, and is inconsolable : She says, she should have been contented, if she could but have spoke with me. I was very much vexed at this unlucky Disappointment ; I

could

could have beat *Bayard*; and you know all that One says upon such Occasions.

We lodged at *Madame de Fouquet's*: A very pretty Woman of her Acquaintance came to do the Honours of her House. These poor Ladies are at *Pommé*, in a little House which they have bought, where we are to visit them this Afternoon. I shall write to you from *Pommé* some notable Particulars, which will surprize you, concerning *Madame de Montespan*; and what you will like best in them is, that they are Truths, and very mysterious Truths. *Bayard* makes One of the Company in this Voyage; he is a perfect *d'Agueville* for his Probity and good Advices; but he has little of the agreeable Talent of improving the Mirth and Good-humour of the Company. He has a high Esteem for you, and begs your Permission to express it to you in Favour of the Amity he has for me.

If you receive an Answer from Mr. *de Lorge* to resolve this Question, whether one is pleased, when one is contented; I beg you to communicate it to me. In the mean time, I will give you my Opinion of it, that this Gentleman has obtained by his Moderation, what the other will perhaps never obtain by all the Favours of Fortune: He is easy, because he is contented; and he is contented, because he has a Mind rightly turned.

You said a great many pleasant Things to me some Time since upon *Rochefort*, who had desired and obtained; and all that he
desired

desired was, not to die so soon. You asked me the other Day whether it was true, that the Dutchess *de Sault* had the Behaviour of a Page. No; she has not all the Pertness and Wantonness of a Page; but it is true, that she is so well pleased not to be at M ———, and no longer to languish in that dull Manner of Life with her Mother; and she finds it so much more agreeable to be Dutchess *de Sault*, that, in the proper Sense of the *Italian* Phrase, *non può capire*, she is not able to contain herself. She is extremely pleased with being contented; and this diffuses thro' all her Actions a Joy which is a little excessive, and which is no longer fashionable at Court, where all have their Tribulations, and Mirth has been banished for several Years. As for her Person, she would please you, even were she less beautiful; because she is perfectly well shaped, and has a very graceful Manner.

I am still in Pain about the Cardinal *de Retz*; he conceals from me the most dangerous Symptoms of his Indisposition, because he knows the Concern they give me; but I very much dislike the Continuance of that Head-ach. I am extremely well; I expect from the warm Weather the Liberty of using my Hands; they serve me almost as well as if they had no Remains of this Weakness. I find the Power of closing my Hand to be by no means necessary. To what Purpose would it serve me? It is a Satisfaction merely visionary, when there is Nobody by, whose Hand I should desire to press. This is only a little Remembrance of that terrible
G 3 Distemper,

Distemper, which I respect so much, and the Name of which makes me tremble. In a Word, my good Angel, be no longer in Pain about me ; what remains for my Consolation depends on you. I shall write you another Letter from hence, which I give you Notice of, and which you will be pleased with. I embrace you with the last Tenderness. I salute Mr. de Grignan.

L E T T E R CIX.

Paris, June 25, 1667.

MR. de Louvois is gone from hence to discover the Intentions of the Enemy : It is thought they have a Design upon *Mastric*. The Prince does not believe it : He has had long Conferences with the King ; it has been said, that he would be sent, but he came to offer himself, and to be desired. They wait for Couriers from Mr. de Louvois. Mr. de Luxembourg believes he shall not be engaged in any Action, but only be a Spectator of the taking of *Philipsbourg*. I hope we shall not see *Mastric* taken ; the Prince says, that we shall take another Place for it, and it will be only like taking one Piece for another at a Game of Chess. There was a Fool, an Age or two since, who used to say in such Cases, Exchange your Towns by Consent, and you will save a great many of your Men on both Sides. I think there was a great deal of Wisdom in this Proposal. I believe the *Hollanders* regret the Hero they have lost ;
they

they cannot easily find another to supply his Place.

My Niece *de Buffy*, I should have said, *de Coligny*, is a Widow: Her Husband died in the Army of Mr. *de Schomberg*. This afflicted Lady has not the least Affliction: She says that she had been very much a Stranger to her Husband, and that she had always wished herself a Widow. He has left her all his Estate, so that she has a Revenue of fifteen or sixteen thousand Livres. She has been breeding almost nine Months: Consider whether it will not be proper for you to write a Line or two in Favour of this new Branch of the Family of the *Rabutin's*, which is so soon expected.

You have Reason to confide in *Corbinelly*, as to his Amity for me, and his Care of my Health; he acquits himself perfectly well in both Respects; and besides all this, he adores you. It is true, that he treats only of little Subjects, tho' in a very easy Manner, in his Pieces of Poesy, which I have sent you: But he pretends, that in this he imitates the Antients, who frequently employed the harmonious Cadence of Verse to create Attention to agreeable Trifles. He has writ an Epistle against excessive Gaming, which raises our Indignation to the highest Pitch against this fashionable Vice. He is transported at your Return; your Presence will be every Way advantageous to him. He is really very amusing; for he has always something new in his Head.

Villabrune has told me, that his Powder raises the Dead : It is true, that we have seen very surprizing Effects of it. Every One may judge of him as they please ; he is a Man, who may be considered in more different Lights than most others.

LETTER CX. .

Paris, Wednesday, July 8, 1676.

YOU say very justly, my Dear, that the Sentiment of Tenderneſs, which prevails with you to resolve to come to me immediately, if I deſire it, discovers your Heart to me more advantageouſly than all the fineſt Words in the World. I own it ; and I cannot expreſs to you, my Dear, how much mine is touched with it. But as you have aſſigned to it, as its Counſellor, the Prudence of Mr. *d'Agueville* ; and have entruſted it with ſuch a limited Power as Sovereigns uſually commit to Regents, who can do nothing but by the Advice of their Council ; you have given me a Maſter, by giving me an Adviſer. And as I perſuade myſelf, that you perfectly know my Sentiments for you, and the extreme Pleaſure the Sight of you would give me, I will freely tell you my Opinion, that we think the Fatigue will be extreme, if you ſhould come while the Heats continue. And what Neceſſity is there for all this Pre-
 cipitation, ſince my Health is much better than it has been ? I walk, I eat, my Hand only a little incommodes me ; ſo that I am
 very

very well in a Condition to wait for the Month of *September*; at which Time *Mr. de Grignan* will be preparing for the Assembly, and, as we judge, all the Considerations of Tenderneſs, of Convenience, and of Decency, ought to engage you to come and ſee me. This is what that Prudence, which you have aſſigned to me as a Directreſs, orders me to write to you: We only deſire of you, my Dear, not to fail of complying with its Injunctions when that Time comes. My Health is better than you imagine, but it is not yet ſo well eſtabliſhed as not to need this laſt Remedy. It will then be the Part of *Mr. de Grignan* to come to you; he certainly will not fail to do it.

I have received your Letter of the Firſt of *July*: You ſeem to be ſtill in Pain about my Health; your Amity gives you Inquietudes which I no longer merit. It is true, that I cannot yet cloſe my Hands, but I can move them, and employ them in every thing I have Occaſion for; and in my Eſteem I merit very little in bearing with Patience this light Inconvenience. I walk very well, even better than I uſed to do, for I have loſt ſome of my Fat; I ſhould be very unwilling to recover it: I have an Ambition to be ſeen by you, while I retain the tolerable Shape I am reduced to at preſent. You complain, my Dear, that I do not ſufficiently make myſelf the Subject of my Letters: I believe I have now ſufficiently ſupplied that Defect; and you will have no Occaſion to trouble *Corbinelly* with any Enquiries relating to me.

He is frequently with me and *la Mouffe*, and their Conversations very much turn on the Philosophy of *Descartes*. They have undertaken to make me capable of understanding their Discourses on these abstruse Subjects: I please myself much with the Thoughts of attaining this imaginary Accomplishment, that I may not be excluded from the Pleasure of bearing some Part in the learned Conversations I foresee you will have with them. I tell them I am desirous to know a little of this Philosophy, for the same Reason that induced me to learn *Ombre*, not for the Sake of playing, but of looking on. *Corbinelly* is much pleased with the Notion of those two different Kinds of Wills, which we Experience in ourselves, without being obliged to have Recourse to any foreign Principle to account for them.

Adieu, my Dear: I am much delighted with the distant Hope of seeing and embracing you. *Madame d'Opede* is come to take her Leave of me in a very civil Manner. She tells me, with an Air of great Modesty, that in *Provence* you may not perhaps meet with much more agreeable Company than herself, and that she shall think herself happy, if she can enter into your Taste of Conversation, and contribute any thing to your Diversion. I wish it may prove so, both for your Sake and hers; and I fancy it ought to prove so.

LETTER

LETTER CXI.

Paris, July 17, 1676.

IT is over at last; *la Brinvilliers* is in the Air. After the Execution, her little meagre Corps was thrown into a great Fire, and her Ashes were dispersed by the Winds. By this Means we shall breath her, and by the Communication of the insensible Particles flowing from her we shall be seized with an empoisoning Humour, which we shall all of us be surpris'd at. She was tried Yesterday: The same Morning the Sentence of her Condemnation was read to her; which was, That she should make an *Amende-Honorable* at *Notre-Dame*, and have her Head cut off, her Body burned, and her Ashes scattered by the Wind. They offer'd to put her to the Question: She said there was no Occasion for it; for she would make a free Confession of every thing. In Effect, she gave them a Relation of her Life that lasted till Five in the Evening, which was more horrible than had been suspected. She poisoned her Father ten Times, before she could get the Better of his Constitution; besides having poisoned her Brothers, and several other Persons. The Intervals between these horrid Facts were filled up with Amours, criminal Engagements, and secret Confidences. She has said nothing against *Penautier*. After this Confession, they again presented her the next Morning to the Question, ordinary and extraordinary; but she

She confessed nothing more. She desired to speak with the *Procureur General*; she was with him an Hour; the Subject of this Conversation is not known. At six she was brought in her Shift, and with the Cord about her Neck, to *Notre-Dame*, to make the *Amende Honorable*. After this, they put her again into the same Cart, where I saw her lying upon Straw, in plain Headcloths, and in her Shift, with a Confessor by her, and the Executioner on the other side. The Sight of her struck me with Horror. They who saw the Execution, say that she mounted the Scaffold with a good Courage. As for me, I was upon the Bridge at *Notre-Dame* with Madame *Déscares*. There never was a greater Croud, nor a greater Curiosity amongst the Populace to see every thing that passed. After all, if you ask us what we have seen, for my Part, I saw little more then the End of a Pinner. In a Word this Day was dedicated to the Sight of this Tragedy: I shall know more of it To-morrow, and you may expect to be troubled with it.

The little Comte *de Fiesque*, who has not yet the Wit to invent any thing, told me with all the Simplicity of a Child of his Age, that, as he lay with his Nurse, she said to him, after an Hour or two spent in such wise Discourses, my little Dear I am very much concerned for you: The innocent Child, asking her with some Astonishment, What is the Matter? She replied with a redoubled Concern, you do not say your Prayers to the Virgin; alas! you never mind to say your Prayers

ers to the Virgin; I am Strangely troubled at it. I hope my Dear you will be wiser than I was; I could not forbear partaking a little of the good Nurse's Concern at this Simplicity.

L E T T E R CXII.

Paris, July 22. 1676.

YES, my Dear, this is exactly what I desire; I am perfectly contented, and even overpaid for the Time of enjoying your Conversation, which I have lost, by the happy Agreement of the Sentiments of Mr. *de Grignan* with mine. He will be very well pleased to have you with him this Summer at *Grignan*: I have considered his Interest at the Expence of what is dearest to me in the whole World, that is, of some of the precious Time I hope to spend with you; and he in his Turn is solicitous to do me a Pleasure, by not suffering you to return to *Provence*, and by contriving your Journey hither, so as to be a Month or six Weeks sooner; which gives me a sensible Pleasure, and prevents your enduring the Fatigue of the Winter and ill Roads. Nothing can be more just than this Disposition; which gives me all the Pleasures of Hope, which are so much coveted and esteemed. This Regulation then is happily made: I shall often speak of it, and often thank you for this Complaisance. My Coach shall not fail to meet you at *Briare*, if we have any Water in the River. The People pass over the *Seine* every Day on Foot, and insult the two stately Bridges that lead into the Isle.

I have just writ to the Chevalier, who was uneasy about my Health; I have let him know that I am very well, only I cannot close my Hand, nor dance the *Bouree*: These two delightful Faculties I must be contented to want for a Time; but when you come, you will make it a finished Cure. Have I told you that I dined the other Day with Madame the President *Amelot*, in Company with the *Aguevilles*, *Corbinelly*, *Coulanges* and the good Abbè? I was pleased to revisit that House, where I passed my Youth, that agreeable Season of Life, which is so gay and smiling, and when I was troubled with no Rheumatism. However, tho' my Hand still refuses to close, I have so well recovered the Use of it, that I am very well contented with the Proportion of Health I enjoy: All my Fear is, that I shall grow fat again too soon, and lose the Advantage of being seen by you, while my fine Shape continues. In a Word, my Dear, entertain no longer any Concern for my Health, and think only of coming to see me. Our Friend *Corbinelly* is with me, but he will give you an Account of himself. *Villebrune* says that he has cured me: I am very well pleased that he should have the Credit of it; he is not in a Condition to neglect any thing that may procure him such Patients as the *Vardes* and the *Monceaux*; he does well to engage them by any Means. *Vardes* tells *Corbinelly* that, in this Thought, he reveres him like the God of Physic. They may very well divert themselves with him, on this Account, and on many others: He is like a frightened Bird, much at

a loss where to find a Bough, on which it may repose with Safety.

Let me entertain you with a little more of the History of *la Brinvilliers*. She died, as she had lived, that is to say, very resolutely. She entered the Place where she expected to have been put to the Tortures, and seeing three large Vessels of Water, this, said she, must certainly be to drown me, for, considering the Smallness of my Size, they can never pretend to make me drink so much. She heard her Sentence read to her without the least Tokens of Fear or Weakness; only towards the latter End of it, she desired them to begin it again, telling them, that the Circumstance of the Cart had struck her, and made her lose her Attention to the rest. In the Way to the Execution, she desired her Confessor to place the Executioner before her, that she might not, as she said, have the Sight of that Rascal *Desgrais*, who had taken her. He was before the Cart on Horse-back. Her Confessor reproved her for that Sentiment, upon which she asked Pardon, and submitted to endure that disagreeable Sight. She mounted the Ladder and the Scaffold alone, and with her naked Feet; and the Executioner was a quarter of an Hour in dressing, shaving and ordering her for the Execution, in an abusive manner, which caused a great Murmur amongst the Croud, and was reckoned a great Cruelty. The next Day her Bones were gathered up, as Reliques, by the People, who said she was a Saint. She had two Confessors, one of which told her that she ought

to reveal every thing, the other that she ought not: She laughed at this Diversity of Opinions between the learned Fathers, and said, she believed she might very conscientiously do which of the two she pleased, and it pleased her to reveal nothing. By this means *Pendulier* is come of a little whiter than Snow: however the Publick is not contented, and seems still to entertain some little Suspicion. But see the Misfortune of it: this Creature refused to reveal what they wanted to know, and told what Nobody demanded of her. For Example, she said that Mr. F ——— had sent *Glaser*, the Apothecary they employed in preparing their Poysons, into *Italy* to procure an Herb, which is, it seems, a choice Ingredient in their mysterious Compositions; and that she had heard of this pious Pilgrimage of his at *Sainte Croix*. You see what Pains is taken to load this miserable Wretch with Crimes, and to finish his Ruin: but the Truth of this Infotmation is much suspected.

It is said that Mr. *de Luxembourg* designs to attempt some great Exploit to succour *Philipsbourg*; it is a very hazardous Undertaking: The Siege of *Mastrie* is continued; but the Marshal *d'Humieres* is going to take *Ypres*. Thus the two Armies seem by their Manner of taking Reprisals to be engaged in a Game of Chess. He has taken all the Troops that were designed for the Marshal *de Crequi*: Thus there is like to be a warm Campaign. In the Mean Time nothing but diversion is seen at *Versailles*: There is every Day a Variety of Pleasures, Comedies, Concerts of Music, and Suppers.

Suppers on the Water. There is always Play in the King's Apartment; the Queen, the Ladies, and all the Courtiers form several Parties; their favorite Game at present is *Re-versis*. The King and Madame de Montespan keep a Bank at one Table; the Queen, and Madame de Soubize, who plays while the Queen repeats her Devotions, are at another. At the other Tables there are the Prince and Mr. de Cregui, Dangeau and Langlé and their *Croupiers*. They play so deep as to win or lose every Day two or three thousand *Louis d'ors*.

Madame de Nevers is beautiful as the Day, and charms all the World without raising Envy. The *Hôtel de Grancé* continues to be frequented as it used to be; there is no Change seen there. The Chevalier de Lorraine looks very languishing and splenetic; his sickly Air might make him suspected of having been poysoned, if Madame de Brinvilliers had been his Heir. Monsieur the Duke chuses his Summer Quarters there; but Madame de Roban goes to *Lorges*: This is a little embarrassing.

Shall I tell you a little News from *Denmark*; I frequently hear from thence by the Princess de Tarante. I have received your Letter of the fifteenth, which acquaints me with your Intentions as to your Voyage; you speak of it with so much Amity and Tenderness, that my Heart is pierced to the very Center. I am surprised to find in my self such a Sense of Equity, and so much Consideration for the *Grignans*, as to be contented to leave you with them till the Month of *October*:

ber : I cannot however reflect without Regret on the Loss of so much Time, which passes away in your Absence, when I might have had you with me. I discover on this Occasion such undue Repentances, and such Weaknesses, as frequently draw upon me the Rail- lery of *d'Agueville*; he knows that you are in the mean time paying the Attendance you justly owe to the Archbishop of *Arles*. Do not you find in yourself a great Satisfaction in being capable of doing whatever Reason pre- scribes to you? I see that you know at present, better than I do, how to pay a just Submission to its Dictates.

I was making Yesterday the same Reflecti- on you have made on *Penautier*, that his Ta- ble will be little frequented. I do not know how *la M* — will behave towards her Hus- band, but she has never been accused of hav- ing changed her Gallant; *d'Agueville* could, if he pleased, tell us pleasant Stories of her. The Reason you assign for being satisfied with *Mr. de Marseille's* being made a Cardinal; is precisely the same with mine: he will no longer have the Joy, nor the Hope of being raised to that Dignity.

They tell us Wonders from *Germany*: Those stupid People suffer themselves to be drown- ed by a little Rivulet, and have not the Wit to turn the Course of it. It is believed that *Mr. de Luxembourg* will beat them, and that they will not take *Philipsbourg*. It is not our Fault, if they render themselves unworthy to be our Enemies. What do you say to me from the *Grignans*, who are at present with you?

I embrace them all as many as there are of them ; and I salute the Archbishop with great Respect.

LETTER CXIII.

Paris, July 29. 1676.

WE have here a Change of the Scene, which will appear as agreeable to you, as it does to all the World. I was on Saturday at *Versailles* with the *Villars's*: The Manner of their passing their Time there I shall describe. You know the Ceremony of attending on the Queen at her Toilette, at Mass, and at Dinner: but there is now no Necessity of being stifled with the Heat, and with the Croud, while their Majesties dine ; for at Three the King and the Queen, *Monsieur*, *Madame*, *Mademoiselle*, all the Princes and Princesses, *Madame de Montespan* and all her Train, all the Courtiers, and all the Ladies ; in a Word, the whole Court of *France*, retire to that fine Apartment of the King's, which you know. It is furnished with the utmost Magnificence ; we do not know there what it is to be incommoded with Heat ; we pass from one Place to another without being in least crowded : A Game at *Reversis* gives a Form to the Assembly, and fixes every Thing. The King and *Madame de Montespan* keep a Bank together. *Monsieur*, the Queen, and *Madame de Soubize* ; *Dangeau* and *Langlé*, with their Companies, are at different Tables. The Carpets are covered with Heaps of a thousand *Louis d'ors* ;
they

they use no other Counters. I saw *Dangeau* play, and admired how awkward others appeared in Comparison of him. He thinks of nothing but his Play, tho' he scarce seems to attend to it; he gains, where others lose; he neglects nothing; he takes every Advantage; nothing gives him the least Distraction of Thought; in a Word, his good Conduct defies Fortune. He had the Complaisance to say that I was a Partner with him in the Bank, by which means I was seated very commodiously. I bowed to the King in the Manner you taught me; and he returned my Salutation, as if I had been young and handsome. The Queen talked to me of my *Malady*, nor did she leave you unmentioned. *Monsieur* the Duke made me a thousand of those Caresses, which he bestows so liberally, without minding what he does. *Mr. de Lor-ges* attacked me in the Name of the *Chevalier de Grignan*: and in short, * *tutti quanti*. You know what it is to receive a little Complement from every one who passes by you. *Madame de Montespan* talked to me of *Bourbon*, and desired me to tell her how I liked *Vichy*, and whether I had found any Benefit there. She said that *Bourbon*, instead of removing a Pain from her Knee, had given her the Tooth-Ach. Her Beauty and her Shape are really surprising; She is become more slender by Half than she was, and yet neither her Eyes, her Lips, or her Complexion are the less fine. She was dressed in *French Point*; her Hair

fell

* All the Company.

fell in a thousand Curles very low upon her Cheeks; she wore on her Head black Rubans, and her Hair was braided with the Pearls, which once belonged to the *Marechale de l'Hopital*; she had Pendants of Diamonds of a great Value. In a Word, she appeared a triumphant Beauty, worthy to raise the Admiration of all the foreign Ambassadors. The Magnificence of the Court is beyond Imagination. This agreeable Confusion without Confusion, composed of the choicest of whatever has a Power to charm the Imagination, continues from Three till Six. If any Couriers arrive, the King retires to read his Letters, and returns to the Assembly. There is always Music, of a soft and delicate Kind, to which he sometimes listens, and which has an admirable Effect: In the mean Time he raillies with the Ladies who are accustomed to have that Honour. They leave Play at the Hour I mentioned, without the Trouble of Accounting, because they use no Marks or Counters. The *Poules* are of five, six or seven Hundred, or sometimes of a thousand or twelve Hundred *Louis d'ors*. Their Play gives no Interruption to their Conversation; they talk continually, and even of their Games. *Dangeau* is pleased with this Tittle-Tattle; he discovers the Cards they have in their Hands, he draws his Consequences, he is directed in his Play by their Indiscretion: I observed with Pleasure his excessive Skilfulness and Dexterity. He may certainly boast, if any One in the Court can, that he knows the Inside of the Cards, and makes his Advantage of that Knowledge.

At

At Six they take the Air in Chariots. The King and Madame *de Montespan*; the Prince and Madame *de Thiange*, and Mademoiselle *d'Hudicour* upon the little Seat before, which seems to her a Place in Paradise. You know how these Chariots are made; they do not sit Face to Face in them, but all look the same Way. The Queen was in another with the Princesses: The whole Court followed in different Equipages according to their different Fancies. They went afterwards in *Gondolæ*s upon the Canal, where there was Musick: At Ten the Comedy began, and at Twelve they concluded the Day with the *Spanish* Entertainment of *Media Noche*. Thus they passed the *Saturday*: But we came from thence in the Afternoon. If I should tell you, how many talked to me of you, how many enquired after you, how many asked me Questions without waiting for any Answers, how many I neglected to answer, how little they cared, and how much less I did, you would own that I had given you a very natural Description of *l'iniqua Corte*, the inhumane Court, which is peopled by a very polite Kind of Savages: However, it never was so agreeable; every One wishes it may continue. Mr. *de Nevers* is the gayest Creature in the World; his Wife loves him passionately. Madame *de Thiange* is a more regular Beauty than her Sister. Mr. *du Maine* is incomparable; the Wit he has is astonishing; the Things he says are beyond Imagination. The Prince made a Visit the other Day to Madame *de la Fayette*: The Prince,

* *A la cui Spada ogni Vittoria è certa.*

How is it possible not to be proud of such a Compliment, especially since he is not inclined to obtrude his Civilities on the Ladies, but always pays them with a just Distinction.

Rambure was killed by one of his Soldiers, who was discharging his Musquet very innocently. The Siege of *Aire* continues. The Army of *Schomberg* is in full Security : The little vain glorious Hero languishes in a State of Inaction as well as others. He may perhaps be uneasy under it ; but if he be ambitious of a Wound or a Contusion, he must give it himself. These, my Dear, are very particular Accounts ; you will either be much tired or much amused by them, for they cannot be indifferent to you. I wish you may be in the Humour you are in sometimes, when you say, " Why will you not talk to me ? Well ! I wonder at my Mother, who would rather die than say one single Word to me." If you are not contented now, I am sure it is not my Fault, any more than than that you are not contented with the Death of *Ruiter*.

There are Passages in your Letters that are excellent. You think that I have always a Fancy to speak Wonders of the *Grand-Maitre* : I do not deny it absolutely ; but I thought you would have taken it for Raillery upon him, when I told you the Desire he has

* Whose Sword is still assured of Victory.

has to become a Marshal of *France*, and to enjoy that Dignity in its ancient Lustre. But you seem enclined to oppose whatever I say on this Subject. The World is extremely partial: Its Partiality has appeared even in the Case of *la Brinvilliers*. Never were such horrid Crimes treated so favourably: She was not put to the Question; they even gave her Hopes of a Pardon, and such Hopes, that she did not expect to die; nay, even when she was mounting the Scaffold, she asked, whether it was in Earnest? At length her Ashes are dispersed by the Wind: Her Confessor says she is a Saint. The First President had made Choice of this Doctor, as a Person very proper to attend her; but he was deceived by the Persons who were interested in it; it was the very same they had pitched upon. Have you never observed those who play Tricks with Cards? They shuffle the Cards incessantly, and bid you take whatever Card you please; they would have you think it is indifferent to them; you take a Card, and think it to be your own Choice, but find it to be precisely the same they designed you should take. This Comparison is perfectly just. The Marshal *de Villeroi* said the other Day, that *Penautier* would be ruined by this Affair; the Marshal *de Grammont* replied, That he might save the Expence of keeping a Table. The Conversation between these two Great Men might furnish a pretty Subject for an Epigram. I suppose you know, that it is believed that a hundred thousand Crowns have been dispersed

perfed in proper Hands to facilitate every thing : Innocence feldom makes fuch Profufions. Nothing can be pleasanter than all that you have faid of this horrible Woman. I believe you may be eafy, for it is not poffible ſhe can be in Paradife ; a Soul fo deeply ſtained with Guilt muſt ſure be ſeparated from others. We are entirely of your Opinion, that it is far better to aſſaſſinate. This is a mere Trifle in Compariſon of being eight Months in killing One's Father, and in the mean time of receiving his Complaints and Careſſes ; to which this pious Daughter answered only by redoubling the Doſe. Adieu, my Deareſt, my moſt Beloved : You entreat me to love you ; I willingly conſent to it ; it ſhall not be ſaid, that I reſuſe you any thing.

LETTER CXIV.

Livr , Auguſt 28, 1676.

I Ask Pardon of my dear Country, but I heartily wiſh that Mr. *de Schomberg* may not have an Opportunity to engage in any Action : His reſerved Manner, ſo oppoſite to that of Mr. *de Luxembourg*, makes me fear that he will proceed in a different Way. I have juſt writ a Billet to Madame *de Schomberg*, to learn what News I can of him. She is a Lady of great Merit, but of a ſhy reſerved Temper, whom I have brought to my Lure. She is very fond of *Corbinelly* : As her Mind had never before been tinctured with

any Kind of Philosophy, the Novelty she finds in his Conversation makes it extremely agreeable to her.

I am reading the Allegories of the holy Scriptures, which take their Rise from *Adam*. I begun with the Creation of the World; the Description of which you so much admire. From thence the Thread of this Allegorical History is continued till after the Death of our Lord. It is a wonderful Train of great Events, carried on thro' a Succession of so many Ages. Every thing of Moment is contained in it, tho' in a concise Manner. The Stile is very beautiful, and comes from a good Hand; the Reflections of the Fathers are interspersed in it with very good Judgment; and the Reader is much engaged by it. For my Part, I am for carrying the Doctrine of Free-Will farther than the Jesuits; and considering the frequent Reproaches of their Ingratitude, and the severe Punishments with which God afflicts his People, I am persuaded that we have our Liberty entire; and that consequently we are extremely culpable, and deserve too well the Deluges and the Conflagrations which God makes use of according to his good Pleasure. In my Opinion, the Jesuits do not plainly enough assert this Principle; and several others give Occasion to murmur against the Justice of God, either by wholly depriving us of the Liberty of the Will, or by weakening it to such a Degree, that it no longer deserves that Name. These, my Dear, are the Fruits of my Reading.

I be-

I believe that *Madame de Rochebonne* is with you at present, and I embrace her. Is she pleased to be in the Seat of her Ancestors, and to see her Nephews and * *Pauline*? Is it true, that they give her the Title of *Mademoiselle de Mazargues*? I should be sorry to be wanting in the Respect I owe her. And the little *Grignan* of eight Months: Does he promise to live a hundred Years? I am so often at *Grignan*, that I fancy you must sometimes see me amongst you. It would be a fine Thing, if we could transport ourselves in a Moment to the Places where our Thoughts are. I know no News, as you may perceive. My Letter smells of the Solitude of this Romantick Forest; but in this Solitude you are perfectly beloved.

L E T T E R CXV.

Vichy, September 13, 1676.

I Apprehended nothing, my Dear, and you have had a sore Throat. If we made a Scruple of admitting any Diversion, when we ought not, the surest Way would be to be always under Inquietude: But we too easily open our Hearts to Joy, and to a Confidence of believing that all is well with those we love; and we do not comprehend in our Idea of Absence all other Evils. It was not *Vardes* who told me of your Distemper; it was a Gentleman who came from *Provence*, who told it to a Brother of *Mademoiselle*

H 2

de

* The Daughter of *Madame de Grignan*.

de l'Estrange; at the same Time assuring him, that you was cured of it. *Vardes* arrived the same Day, and assured me, that you was entirely free from it, but only you was grown much thinner. If you do not follow the Advice of Mr. *de Guiffony*, in order to recover the full Vigour of Health, you will fall into a Weakness and a Delicacy of Constitution, which scarce deserves the Name of Life. Poor *Vardes* has put an End to all my Inquietude on this Account, by repeating to me in all the different Tones of Voice, which express the strongest Assurance, that your Complexion is returned to its true Lustre, without the least Mark of having been at all impaired. He believes that he is very well with you, and is much transported at it. I exhort you, my Dear, to respect his Misfortune. He has been received here in the kindest Manner: He was much tempted to stay with us, and was persuaded, that the Waters, and the Company, were more proper for him than those of *Bourbon*; but Mr. *de Champlastreux*, out of a ridiculous Piece of Politicks, made him continue his Journey almost by Force. We believe it was out of Jealousy; for no Gardener's Dog was ever so malicious as he. His Court is overgrown with Thorns; the Sight of it made us laugh heartily. Poor *Chefière* had told me of it a thousand Times; as I can scarce yet persuade myself that he is dead, I have still, methinks, an Inclination to tell him that I found it answering exactly to his Description.

Vardes

Vardes was extremely agreeable to *Termes*, and *Termes* was not less so to *Vardes*; they were both equally struck with the Appearance of each other, and a favourable Impression was mutually given and received. The Consciousness of pleasing, which they both felt alike, made each of them please the more. I should have been very glad, if *Vardes* had staid here: We should have had *Corbinelly* here with him.

You will easily comprehend how great a Consolation I should have found in having you here; I well perceive your Sentiments upon it: But his too great Prudence has prevented it. Is not this visible, by its having broken all our Measures? His Design is, that you should come this Winter, and that we should be in the same House together: I fancy this will be a great Convenience to us both, and a great deal of Pains will be spared in searching after one another; we shall have our Morning and Evening Hours when we lodge together, which it would otherwise be impossible for us to fill up, when they are broken in upon by Visits. If I am under a Mistake, and you have a House to yourself, I will conform myself to your Designs; I will enter into your Sentiments; I will make it a Pleasure to myself to be directed by your Will; you will make me change my Opinion; I shall imagine there was some Inconvenience in what I thought so commodious; for above all Things I study your Contentment, and when you are pleased, I shall be so.

H 3

Adieu,

Adieu, my Dear. I beg you to embrace me, and inform me of your Health. We have here agreeable Company, fine Weather, and a delightful Country. We make frequent Visits and Entertainments. Here are two or three Monks, who set up for Men of Taste and Politeness: I should be pleased to see them handsomely exposed by *Corbinelly*.

Maimburg is an impertinent Writer; there is always the Mark of the Workman in all his Pieces. What a ridiculous Thought is this! He will have it, That a *Turk* was punished by a just Judgment from Heaven, for not having paid his Devotions to the Virgin.

LETTER CXVI.

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1676.

I Have already been guilty of a Falshood, it is but *Tuesday*; but I begin my Letter to answer yours, and to give you an Account of *Madame de Coulanges*; and I shall finish it To-morrow, which will be agreeable to this lying Date.

Madame de Coulanges has had her Fever fourteen Days; the Physicians will not yet answer for her, because it still continues upon her, and they have Reason to fear, from the continual Distraction of her Thoughts, that she will grow delirious.

The unhappy *Amonio* is no longer at *Chelles*; he was forced to fly the Visitor. The Abbess is inconsolable upon her having received this Affront; and to revenge herself
of

of it, she has forbid any Entrance into the Nunnery : So that my Sister *de Brissac*, my Nieces *de Brissac*, my Sister *de la M——*, my Sister in-Law *de C——*, all the Friends, all the Cousins, all the Neighbours, in a Word, all Company is banished from thence. All the Grates are shut up, all the Fast Days are observed, all the *Matines* are sung without Mercy, and a thousand little Relaxations of Discipline are reformed : And when the poor Nuns complain of this Rigour, she answers ; Alas ! I only cause the Rule of our Order to be observed : If they remonstrate, that she was not always so severe, she replies, I was in the Wrong, I repent of it. In a Word, it may be said, that *Amonio* has occasioned this Reformation at *Chelles*. This Accident would have diverted you, if you had been with us ; but notwithstanding you give yourself the Liberty of being so unmercifully pleasant on this Subject, I am persuaded of the Prudence and Virtue of the Abbess : This is what makes her the more sensibly touched with this Misfortune. In the mean Time, *Amonio* is concealed in the House of Mr. *de Nevers* ; he is treated there like a *Persian* Prince, and he behaves with the utmost Gallantry. He has honoured us with his Presence five or six Nights at *Madame de Coulanges's*, but his Highness, with all his Gravity, did not dare to appear before her Physician *de Brayen*.

I have been assured that the Vintage of this Year would have done me Harm, and that I am very happy in having been dis-

suaded from it. You will ask me, who has recommended this Vintage to me? All the World, and * *Vesou* as well as the rest; but he has changed his Opinion, and I am very glad of it.

All the World believes, that her great Friend has no longer any Passion for *Madame de Montespan*, and she finds herself much at a loss how to guard against the Consequences of her slighted Favours, and the Danger of her not being able to keep him in Fear of diverting himself elsewhere. Besides this, the Part of contenting herself with his Amity, instead of his Love, has not been taken by her in a handsome Manner; so much Beauty and so much Pride cannot be reduced without great Difficulty to take up with the second Place. Her Jealousy of a Rival is extreme: But what Inconstancy in Love has ever been prevented by Jealousy? It is certain that he has discovered some very suspicious Marks of Regard and Complaisance for the other Lady: And, though all that you say is perfectly true, yet she is still another; and that is a Consideration of no small Weight. It is believed by a great many, that she is too well advised to lift up the Standard of such Perfidiousness, with so little Probability of long enjoying the Fruits of it: She would by this Means be set up as a Mark for the Fury of a forsaken Mistress; she would have opened the Barrier to Infidelity, and would only serve to make Way for others more young and tempting. These are my

Re-

* A Physician.

Reflections ; every One is busied in making Observations ; and it is believed, that Time will discover something little suspected. However, the Favourite Lady has demanded her Dismission, and since her Return, she does not appear, in her Dress or in any other Respect, in a different Manner from what she was accustomed to do.

It is now *Wednesday* in the Evening : The sick Lady is out of Danger, except from such a Treachery of her Fever, as we have no Reason to apprehend.

L E T T E R CXVII.

Livry, Friday, Oct. 23, 1676.

THIS is the second Tome of your Brother's Adventures. I sent a Coach for him Yesterday to *Bourget*, and I came hither to meet him in another. I did not expect he would have arrived here so punctually ; but Chance, which is sometimes diverting, ordered it so, that we met at the End of the Avenue. This lucky Encounter made us smile ; we entred the Park, we embraced, we talked of twenty Things at once ; we asked a Variety of Questions, without minding or expecting any Answer ; in a Word, this Interview had all the Transport, all the Disorder, with which such happy Meetings are usually accompanied. I have since made a Discovery, that Monsieur has contracted a little Lameness, which he affects to conceal ; Monsieur often steals a Groan or a Shrug

unobserved ; Monsieur boasts of a Rheumatism, when he is not with me ; for my Presence embarrasses him, and when we see Company together, he dares not make his usual Complaints to them. When my Imagination was most disordered by the Violence of my Rheumatism, I fancied, and frequently said, that the Thigh, which gave me the greatest Pain, was turned blue : So I have allowed him to have a blue Thigh, provided he will own that he has a green Head. This, put together, composes a Gentleman with a green Head and a blue Thigh. I hope you will have the Discretion not to tell this to his little Sister *Pauline* ; she would abuse the poor Baron about it this Winter beyond all Patience. He will stay here a few Days to wait for his Congé. This is all the News from our Abby. We wish that I was obliged to set out from hence in order to meet you ; for you are very necessary to our Happiness. I will say no more to you about the Time of your parting from *Provence* ; it ought, methinks, to have been resolved on, if it ever will ; you cannot be ignorant how much I desire it.

It was said the other Day, that a Hue and Cry had been sent to enquire after the Army of Mr. *de Luxembourg* ; and that the great *Condé* said, upon his leaving the Army, What a fine Command there will be till the next *July* ! It has been said by some, who seem to have an unlucky Genius for Satire, that this General has made a better Funeral Oration on Mr. *de Turenne* than that of Mr. *de Tullés* ;
and

and that the Cardinal *de Bouillon* will get him some Preferment in the Church. It may be hoped, that all this will be no Prejudice to what the Poets have said in Honour of his Victories.

LETTER CXVIII.

Paris, November 18, 1676.

I Have been here, my Dear, ever since Sunday; my Design was to go to *Saint-Germain* to speak to Mr. *Colbert* about your Pension; I was very well accompanied thither. Mr. *de Saint-Geran*, Mr. *d'Agueville*, and several others, congratulated me before-hand on the Favour I was going to receive. Accordingly, I spoke to him of this Pension; I touched a little on the continual Occupations Mr. *de Grignan* has been engaged in, and the Zeal he has shewn for the Service of the King; I enlarged a little more on the great Expence he has been obliged to, which permits him to neglect nothing in order to support it; I concluded, that it was not without great Reluctance, that Mr. *de Grignan* and I importuned him on this Affair. All this was said shorter, and put together in a handsomer Manner: I shall have very little Trouble in telling you the Answer, "Madame, I will take care of it." He reconducted me to the Door, and there was an End of this Expedition. I fear my Visit will not do you much Service; but it is certain, that Nobody is yet paid.

The

The Peace between *Poland* and the *Turk* has been concluded in a very romantick Manner. The Hero, at the Head of fifteen thousand Men, surrounded with two hundred thousand, has forced them, with Sword in Hand, to sign the Treaty. He was encamped in so advantageous a Manner, that a like Instance of military Skill has not been seen since the Days of * *Calprenede*. Mr. de † *Beauvais* has sent Word, that he met with great Difficulties in making this Peace; he pants for Breath, he wipes his Forehead, like the Doctor in the Comedy, who had taken so much Pains to teach the Woman to speak who was not dumb. Who would suspect a grave Politician of so much Vanity!

Dangeau has had the Ambition to make a Present, as well as *Langleé*. He has begun with stocking the *Menagerie* at *Clagny*. In order to this, he has made a Collection, which cost him two thousand Crowns, of the most passionate Turtles, the fattest Swine, the most beautiful Heifers, the most innocent and sportive Lambkins, the Sheep which would make the prettiest Appearance in Pastoral, and the Birds who have the finest Voices, and are most skilful in the Music of the Woods. He made a Review Yesterday of this Equipage, which appeared like that of *Jacob*, in the Landscape which hangs in your Cabinet at *Grignan*. My Dear, I send you my Thanks for all the Joy you give me, by the Hopes of
your

* The Author of the Romance of *Cleopatra*.

† Since Cardinal de *Janson*, at that Time Ambassador in *Poland*.

your speedy Return ; and I embrace Mr. *de Grignan*.

L E T T E R CXIX.

Paris, December 20. 1676.

I Did Yesterday, my Dear, one of the Things you desire me to do; I took the Remedies prescribed to me; I saw very little Company. One of those who were admitted was Mr. *du Coudrai*; we had a very pleasant Conversation. I extremely like his Wit and his Manner of conversing, which has an agreeable Imitation of Rusticity, and yet is perfectly polite. I demanded a Permission to Day, of the Medicine which had confined me the Day before, to pay a Visit to Mr. *de Pomponne*: It was permitted. It was a great while since I had seen him. We talked much of you; and of the agreeable Manner in which you had charmed Mr. *du Coudrai*, who was with us, without giving him the Pain of one Sigh for your Absence.

I have always a violent Inclination to laugh; whenever you say any Thing of that honest Gentleman *du Parc*. I think there is nothing so pleasant as to see him stand alone in the Persuasion that he Works Miracles: I am perfectly of your Opinion, that it would be the greatest Miracle in the World, if he could persuade you of it. Mr. *du Maine* is certainly a Prodigy of Wit; and besides, no significant Tone of Voice, no Gracefulness of Gesture, is wanting to shew it in the best Light. He is
fallen

fallen into the fashionable Humour of attacking Mr. *de Montausier*, and raillyng him. He spied him the other Day, passing under his Window, and waving a Wand in the Air: He called out to him, Ho! Mr. *de Montausier*, what never without an Ensign of Authority in your Hand! Imagine to yourself his expressive Action, his lively Manner of speaking, and all that Energy of Thought and Reflection visible in his Looks; you will find few, who discover so much Penetration at the Age of six Years. He says a thousand Things with the same uncommon Strength of Fancy, and Quickness of Apprehension.

I pass here for a Person of great Intelligence, by making the best Use I can of the News of the Sea-Fight, which you have furnished me with. As we have already wept for the Chevalier *Tamboneau*, when he was killed once before, I think my Debt of Sorrow to him is already paid.

Adieu, my dearest: If I had as much Merit in other Respects, as in that of loving you, I should deserve to be adored.

L E T T E R CXX.

Paris, Tuesday-Night, Aug. 10, 1677.

YOU shall have no Cause to complain of me, my Dear, that I have writ nothing to you to Day. The News of the Siege of *Charleroy*, makes all the young Men hasten thither, and even those who are lame. My Son, tho' he is scarce able to limp, sets out To-morrow in a Post,

Post-Chaise, without any Equipage. All those who say, he is under no Obligation to go thither, would think it very strange if he should stay behind. Every one ought to judge by his own Heart, what is his Duty: We deserve little Praise, when we owe to any but ourselves the Resolution to act as we ought. But do you know who are those that are gone to this Siege? There is the Duke *de Lesdiguières*, the Marquis *de Cœuvres*, *d'Angeau*, *la Fare*, yes, *la Fare* himself, *d'Elbeuf*, Mr. *de Marsan*, the little *Villarsceau*; in a Word, *Tutti quanti*. I had forgot Mr. *de Louvois*, who set out on Saturday. Many are of Opinion, that after all this martial Heat and Hurry, this will end in nothing but the Delay, that is, in Effect, the total Disappointment of the intended Tour to *Fontainbleau*.

Mr. *de Vins* has thrown himself with his Troops into *Charleroy*; by which Means, together with the Army of Mr. *de Luxembourg* reinforced with several Garrisons, and in a Readiness to succour it, it is so well secured, that most People are persuaded that the Prince of *Orange* will not undertake the Siege. Do not you remember a like Piece of News, upon which we writ a whole Chapter of Lamentations from *Lambesc*, which was not received till five or six Days after the Siege was raised? Perhaps this Time they may be more civil, and content themselves with only having invested it.

I must acquaint you with a Death that will surprise you; it is the Death of poor Madame

du

du Pleffis Guenegaut. My Dear, she never read your little Letter. She fell sick the last Week; she had three successive Attacks of a Fever, and at last she grew delirious. An Emetic, which ought to have been given her, was neglected; a Neglect for which no other Excuse can be made, but only, that it was the Will of Providence. This Night, which was the seventh, she died, in a State of Insensibility. I was surpris'd this Morning, and much concerned at this unfortunate News; so many affecting Circumstances crowded into my Memory, that I wept heartily. I was not of the Number of her Friends, otherwise than by the Force of Reverberation; by which elegant Term, you used to express that reflected Heat which gives us, as it were, a secondary Friendship for those who are loved and esteemed by our Friends. By seeing each other's Character thus represented, as it were in a Mirrour, by our common Friends, we became mutually agreeable; and I believe few of her own Friends felt a truer Concern for her than I did. I paid a Visit to her Family, but they admitted no Company. I was desirous to have performed the common Ceremony of sprinkling on her a little consecrated Water, and to have spent a solemn Hour in meditating on her Life and Death; but it was not thought proper. Upon this, I went to *Madame de la Fayette's*, where we discours'd a while on this melancholy Subject. Her Misfortunes, towards the latter End of her Life, were without Number. She had obtained a Decree in her Favour,
and

and Mr. *Poncet*, out of meer Barbarity, refused to sign it, till some little Formalities of no Manner of Consequence were adjusted. This unjust Delay made such an Impression on her, that she returned Home grieved and disheartened, and fell sick of a Fever; the Consequence you already know. In the common Way of speaking, Mr. *Poncet* may be said to have been the Author of her Death; not that the Physicians are to be excluded from their just Share in it: But as for us, my Dear, who are capable of reading the Decrees of Providence, we see that her Hour was marked out from all Eternity. All these little Events are linked together by the wondrous Art of Providence, so as to follow one another by a just Connexion and in an unerring Order, to the final Accomplishment of all its wise Purposes. All these excellent Reasonings are in vain employed to allay the Sorrows of such as are touched in a lively Manner by the Loss of her; but amongst those who weep for her, there are some, whose Tears are suspected not to flow from real Grief. I have a little enlarged on the Subject of this Lady's Death, but I flattered myself that you would read my Letter with some Degree of Attention, because I find so much Pleasure in attending to whatever you write. Every Subject is entertaining, as it comes from your Hands; and what you condemn as a dull and tedious Digression, often makes us admire the Justness of your Thought, and the Sprightliness of your Fancy.

You

You have made a very severe Campaign in the *Iliad*; but your Description of it is very pleasant. It is hoped that that of the Marechal de Crequi will prove more fortunate; tho' his Army, as you say, has changed its Name. Mr. de Schomberg has been to visit the Marechal de Crequi; he told him he was come out of his Garrison to serve as a Volunteer under him, that he was useless where he was, and that he had sent to the King to offer him his Service in the Army, as an old Soldier. The Marechal de Crequi replied to this Offer, with a thousand Compliments; and the Marechal de Schomberg returned without being employed in the Manner he had desired.

Your Mr. Arnoul came to *Livry* with *Guinrandry*, who bellowed to us, rather than sung, *l'Inconstante*. Arnoul is more agreeable; but he is too agreeable, for he sings at *Versailles*. He hopes that Mr. de Reims will take him into his Protection; he has 700 Livres from the King's Chappel; he likes to live at *Paris*; he is young. Consider, whether it be likely that a young Fellow in his Circumstances will be contented to wait at *Grignan* in hopes of a Benefice. It is a mere Jest; my dear Comte, never let it enter into your Imagination; but act as I do in such Cases. When I see that People languish in my Service, that they hope to do better, that they think themselves miserable; at the same Time I have an extreme Desire not to see them any longer about me. Can it be any Pleasure to one to keep them under a Constraint, and to see them

them languish? Alas! I myself languish, my Dear, in your Absence: I am sensible that you had Reason for the Reflection you made the other Day on Life, when the Events attending it are ranged in a certain Manner. In such a Situation, I am unconcerned, nay, pleased, that it passes away so swiftly. You see what you reduce me to with for by the fatal Misfortune, in my Esteem, of your being removed to so great a Distance from me.

L E T T E R CXXI.

Paris, Friday, Aug. 13, 1677.

I Will say no more, my Dear, of the Pain you gave me, by telling me that you have only been to me an unhappy Occasion of Inquietudes and Sorrows. Is it possible to wish oneself incapable of those Sorrows and Inquietudes, when one loves so truly as I love you? I could say a thousand Things on this Subject, which I cut short for a thousand Reasons: but, as for the pleasant Entertainment of revolving them frequently in my Mind, it is a Liberty I shall take without asking your Leave.

My Son set out from hence Yesterday. He is much commended for undertaking this little Expedition; and even such as blame him for it, would have loaded him with Reproaches, if he had declined it. The Inconsistency of the World is very pleasant on such Occasions; but it is more easy for him to
justify

justify himself for engaging with too much Forwardness in the adventurous Part, than for too much indulging his Ease and Tranquillity. For my Part, I confess, that I very much approved his Design. You see that I make little Difficulty of permitting my Children to leave me.

I have long been of your Opinion, in preferring bad Company to good. With how much Grief are we separated from those who are agreeable to us ! and what a Pleasure is it to see such Crowds of unentertaining Visitors, as you complain of in *Provence*, preparing for the welcome Ceremony of taking their Leave ! Do not you remember the Covy of *Foufnel*, which so long infested our Woods ? How much we diverted ourselves with calculating the Day and Hour of their taking their Flight from thence ! What a joyful Festival we kept on the Eve of their Departure ! And in what unusual Sallies of Mirth, too violent and too pleasing to be restrained, we spent the following Day ! We may therefore maintain with very good Reason, that nothing promises better Entertainment, at a Country Seat, than the most disagreeable Company ; and that nothing is so sure a Presage of Grief, as the Sight of our best Friends. If this Riddle needs any Explication, come to us and we will explain it to you. I am setting out for *Vichy*, in Company with our good Abbé. I am not in a very gay Humour, as you may imagine ; but I have learned so much useful Philosophy as to be able to dispense with that.

It is thought that we are certainly to expect the Siege of *Charleroy*. Mr. *de Lavardin*, and many more who have no Post in the Army, are gone thither. It is perhaps an idle Fancy of mine, but I still hope that this Mountain will only bring forth a Mouse. I wish it may prove so.

The Marriage of *la Bagnole* is certainly concluded on. You will be a Witness of the feigned Sorrows she languishes under, and her wandring Thoughts, which only wander with Design, and from which she affects to recover herself in a pretended Surprise, and to excuse in so awkward a Manner, that Madame *de Coulanges* replies, Indeed, dear Sister, you do not seem to forget yourself at all. Her Stile is insupportable to me; it forces me to chuse the most barbarous Expressions for fear of resembling her. She makes me renounce all Delicacy, Grace, and Politeness, for fear of imitating her in her Juglers Tricks, as you call those empty Subtilties, affected by these indelicate Pretenders to a refined Taste. I had rather be reduced to the plain Language of a Peasant, than flourish in these Elegancies of Stile: "We are conscious that we do not deserve
"to displease you, by the the Desire we
"have of pleasing;" and a thousand other such Fooleries, which I have heard over and over, so that I can say them by Rote, and am sometimes apt to repeat them for want of Thought. We call them Bulls of *Basban*; they have been suffered to range here in such a Manner that they are grown wild and
furious;

furious. Adieu, my Dear; if you let any of these Dragons fly at me, I shall return you a thousand of them. I salute the Comte.

LETTER CXXII.

Paris, January 24, 1677.

THE Princess of *Conti* is still charming; she was extremely ill on her Wedding-Night, but she is perfectly recovered. The Greatness of her Mind is much admired, as well as the Generosity of the Prince of *Conti*. He has the Liberality of a Hero. We find in him the Good-nature of *Henry IV.* the handsome Behaviour of the Chevalier *Bayart*, and the Justice of *Silla*.

Mr. *de S. Brieux* is translated from his Diocese to that of *Poitiers*, which he desired: The rest, who are every Day ranged in Order, like a Rope of Onions, at the King's Chappel, get no Preferment. What Consequence can be drawn from hence, but only, that every thing is disposed by Providence?

The *Dauphin* enquires of Mr. *de Montausier* when *Madame la Dauphine* will be breeding? They are to be married To-morrow at *Munich*. I believe he fancies she may be so, by that Time she arrives at *Celestat*. The Prince his Brother is to perform the Ceremony of espousing her. They have sent the magnificent Habits, which the Elector demanded for himself and for his Sister, but in a less Quantity than he desired: For nothing can equal the rich Gifts presented to this Princess by
Madame

Madame la Marechal de Rochefort. The Dame d'Honneur, the Gouvernante, and all the Family set out To-morrow. Madame de Coulanges is engaged To day in all the Hurry of their Preparation for their Journey ; they are all at Paris.

We have had here a Tragical History. Poor Mademoiselle de Bertillac is, for her Sins, become passionately in Love with the insensible Caderousse ; he made his Advantage of her Passion, and engaged her to pawn her Pearls to furnish him with Money for Bassette. He went immediately to Madame de Quintin's with a thousand Louis-d'Ors, which he gingled in a triumphant Manner ; his Gratitude obliged him to tell from whence they came. She was so excessively shocked with this ungenerous Manner of Proceeding, that she is again become an Image of Waxwork, as she was before ; her Blood and her Spirits are quite stagnated ; and she is in such a Condition that her Life is despaired of. We were there Yesterday, the little Coulanges and I ; they expect every Moment that she will expire ; she is little lamented ; her very Parents wish her in another World. People are not in the least divided in their Opinions about the Cause of her Death. Madame de Frontenac is quite ashamed, as well as the whole Sex, who ought to tear Caderousse to Pieces, like Orpheus. I will never make such a Man my Hero. I have the same Kind of Resentment against him, as Madame de Coulanges has against la Farre : But you see, it
is

is not for the same Reason that I hate *Cade-rousse*, for I have not been deceived by him.

Mr. *de Vendôme* said to the King a Week since ; Sir, I hope that after the Campaign your Majesty will permit me to go and take Possession of the Government, which you have done me the Honour to give me. The King replied, When you know how to govern your own Affairs, I will give you the Care of mine. This was all the Conversation that passed between them : The Truth of this you may depend upon.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

Paris, February 23, 1680.

There was a Gentleman of the Chamber of the Arsenal, who is not named, who said to Mr. *de la Reinye*, Sir, as far as I can see, we sit here only upon Sorceries and Witchcrafts, the Accusations of which do not come regularly before the Parliament of *Paris* : Our Commission is to sit upon Poysons ; how comes it to pass that we hear any other Matters ? *La Reinye* replied, in a great Surprise, Sir, we have secret Orders. Sir, said the other, let us have an Order, and we will obey it as well as you ; but not having your Instructions, I think what I have said is agreeable to Reason and Justice. I believe you will not blame the Integrity of this Man, who notwithstanding is not willing to be known.

I shall

I shall speak to you of nothing more, but of Madame *Voisin*. It was not on *Wednesday*, as I had informed you, that she was burnt; it was but Yesterday, tho' she knew her Sentence on *Monday*, which was a Thing very unusual. In the Evening she said to her Guards, Shall we not keep *Media Noche*? Accordingly, she supped with them at Midnight, meerly out of Humour, for it was not a Fast Day; she drank a vast Quantity of Wine, and sung twenty drunken Songs. On the *Tuesday* she was put to the Question, ordinary and extraordinary. She had dined, and slept eight Hours. She was confronted by Mr. *de Dreux, le Feron*, and several others, as she lay on the Mattress. It is not yet declared what she has confessed; but it is supposed, that strange Discoveries will be made. She supped in the Evening, and began again, all disjointed as she was with the Tortures, to make a Debauch in a scandalous Manner. She was upbraided with this Profaneness, and admonished, that she would do much better to be take herself to her Devotions, and to sing an *Ave Maris Stella*, or a *salve Regina Cali*, than all those Songs: She sung both these Hymns, by way of Ridicule; she eat heartily and slept. The *Wednesday* passed in the same Manner, in Examinations, Debauches, and Songs. She refused to see her Confessor. On the *Thursday*, which was Yesterday, they did not think it proper to let her have any thing besides Broths. She murmured at it, and feared she should not be able to behave with Confidence to those who had the Care of

her Execution. She came in a Coach from *Vincennes* to *Paris* : She appeared a little daunted and embarrassed. They would have had her confess herself to a Priest ; but she could not be persuaded to it. At Five they bound her, and she appeared with a Torch in her Hand, in a Cart, and dressed in White, in a Kind of Habit peculiar to those who are condemned to be burned. She looked red with Scorn and Indignation, and was seen to push away the Confessor and the Crucifix with Violence. We saw her pass by the *Hôtel de Sully*, *Madame de Chaulnes*, *Madame de Sully*, the Comtesse and I, and several others. At *Notre-Dame* she could not be prevailed with to pronounce the *Amende Honorable*, and at the Place of Execution, she defended herself, as long as she could, from coming out of the Cart. She was at last dragged from thence by Force, placed upon the Pile, bound to a Seat with a Bandage of Iron, and covered with Straw. She cursed and blasphemed in a dreadful Manner. She pushed away the Straw five or six Times ; but the Flames encreasing, they lost Sight of her, and her Ashes are dispersed in the Air. Such was the Death of *Madame Voisin*, celebrated for her Crimes and her Impieties. It is believed that we shall see very extraordinary Consequences of her Confession, with which we shall be surprised.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

Paris, Tuesday, March 13, 1680.

I Have some Relations to send you which will not be unentertaining. Madame *la Dauphine* is the Object of Admiration. The King, having an extreme Impatience to have a Description of her Person, sent *Sanguin*, as a Man who might be depended on, and who would not flatter. Sir, said he, be on your Guard against receiving an ill Impression at the first Sight of her, and you will be perfectly satisfied with her. This Caution shewed a most accurate Judgment in Beauty: For there is something in her Nose and her Forehead disproportionable to her other Features, which has at first an ill Effect. But then, she has so graceful a Manner, such lovely Arms and Hands, so fine a Neck, such fine Teeth and Hair; and, besides these Charms, she has so much Wit and Goodnature; such engaging Complaisance without Meanness, and Familiarity with Dignity; in a Word, so many amiable Qualities, that we may justly excuse this first Impression, which is apt to be so little to her Advantage. MONSEIGNEUR has behaved admirably well: He forgot to salute her in making his first Compliments to her; but he did not forget that which Mr. *de Condom* could not teach him. I am very indiscreet in telling you all this: Is not the Chevalier under an Obligation to do it?

I 2

LET-

LETTER CXXV.

Paris, June 30, 1680.

ETernity engages my Attention a little more than it does yours; it is because I am, perhaps, nearer to it: But this Thought does not in the least Degree augment my Love of God, at which I am much concerned. I am fully persuaded of all the Misfortunes, and the Calamities which are distributed in a plentiful Manner in this World. *Corbinelly* is of the same Opinion. He proposed to me the other Day a very curious Question: Whether of the two is the more happy, a Lover under the greatest Uncertainty of being beloved, or a Lover who has the utmost Certainty of being so which so doubtful a Point will admit. I saw that he was disposed to divert himself, by maintaining a Paradox, and affirming that all the World are equally happy and unhappy; so I replied, That the Lover who was under an Uncertainty of being beloved was the happier: However, I much doubt whether this Opinion will have the Honour to create a new Sect amongst Lovers.

The King was the other Day three Hours at *Madame de Maintenon's*, who had a violent Head-ach: The *Father de la Chaise* came thither, and stayed there a considerable Time. *Madame de Fontanges* continually deplores the Misfortune of being no longer beloved, and cannot be comforted under this Affliction by
the

the great Establishments she has obtained. This is a Temper of Mind so unusual in Persons in her Circumstance, that it is curious enough to deserve a Place in your Fund of Subjects for Reflection.

The Cardinal *d'Etrées* is going to *Rome* for the *Regale*; upon which, the Pope has writ a Letter to the King in a Stile not unbecoming *St Peter* himself. It is said, that His Majesty is grown weary of the Archbishop of *Paris*: He is in Danger of being forsaken like his Mistresses.

I had Yesterday in my Chamber a Man who came from *Vitré*. I immediately knew him to have been a Servant of Mr. *de Coulanges*. Mr. *de Grignan* has seen him at *Aix*. He shewed me a printed Paper, containing an Account of all the strange Things he could do with Fire. He has the Secret of that Man whom you have heard so much of at *Paris*. Amongst a thousand Things which appear miraculous, and which, as far as I can apprehend, ought not to be suffered for fear of the Consequences, I will only instance in one little Experiment which was easily tried: It was to see him drop into his Mouth, and upon his Hand, ten or a dozen Drops of *Spanish Wax* melted, without being moved any more by it than if it had been cold Water, without making the least Grimace, or shewing the least Token of Pain, his Tongue or Hand appearing as fair and free from any Scar or Burn after this Operation as before. I had often heard of this before; but the Sight of it, when it was done in my

LETTER CXXV.

Paris, June 30, 1680.

ETernity engages my Attention a little more than it does yours; it is because I am, perhaps, nearer to it: But this Thought does not in the least Degree augment my Love of God, at which I am much concerned. I am fully persuaded of all the Misfortunes, and the Calamities which are distributed in a plentiful Manner in this World. *Corbinelly* is of the same Opinion. He proposed to me the other Day a very curious Question: Whether of the two is the more happy, a Lover under the greatest Uncertainty of being beloved, or a Lover who has the utmost Certainty of being so which so doubtful a Point will admit. I saw that he was disposed to divert himself, by maintaining a Paradox, and affirming that all the World are equally happy and unhappy; so I replied, That the Lover who was under an Uncertainty of being beloved was the happier: However, I much doubt whether this Opinion will have the Honour to create a new Sect amongst Lovers.

The King was the other Day three Hours at *Madame de Maintenon's*, who had a violent Head-ach: The *Father de la Chaise* came thither, and stayed there a considerable Time. *Madame de Fontanges* continually deplores the Misfortune of being no longer beloved, and cannot be comforted under this Affliction by
the

the great Establishments she has obtained. This is a Temper of Mind so unusual in Persons in her Circumstance, that it is curious enough to deserve a Place in your Fund of Subjects for Reflection.

The Cardinal *d'Etrées* is going to *Rome* for the *Regale*; upon which, the Pope has writ a Letter to the King in a Stile not unbecoming *St. Peter* himself. It is said, that His Majesty is grown weary of the Archbishop of *Paris*: He is in Danger of being forsaken like his Mistresses.

I had Yesterday in my Chamber a Man who came from *Vitré*. I immediately knew him to have been a Servant of *Mr. de Coulanges*. *Mr. de Grignan* has seen him at *Aix*. He shewed me a printed Paper, containing an Account of all the strange Things he could do with Fire. He has the Secret of that Man whom you have heard so much of at *Paris*. Amongst a thousand Things which appear miraculous, and which, as far as I can apprehend, ought not to be suffered for fear of the Consequences, I will only instance in one little Experiment which was easily tried: It was to see him drop into his Mouth, and upon his Hand, ten or a dozen Drops of *Spanish Wax* melted, without being moved any more by it than if it had been cold Water, without making the least Grimace, or shewing the least Token of Pain, his Tongue or Hand appearing as fair and free from any Scar or Burn after this Operation as before. I had often heard of this before; but the Sight of it, when it was done in my

own Chamber, where I could observe it so nearly, and be so well assured that there was no Imposture in it, gave me an extreme Astonishment. I know not, my Dear, whether you will allow this to be any Confirmation of your Philosophy, or think it to be a new Argument, that Fire is not hot, and that the Sensation of Heat is produced in us meerly by the Disposition or the Texture of the Parts in our Organs of Sense. But could you have imagined that it was possible by Art or Nature to have produced such a Kind of Liquor, which by chafing it into the Skin, could arm us with the Confidence to suffer melted Wax or Lead to be dropped on our Tongue, to swallow boiling Oil, or to walk on Bars of red-hot Iron? What will now become of the Proofs of Innocence, so much depended on in former Ages? I fear the Chastity of our antient Heroines will again be called in Question, and even Miracles will be suspected, by the Malicious and the Atheistical. But have there not been true Miracles, as well as Tricks and Impostures?

Madame *la Dauphine* amuses herself by following the Chase in the Forests. You see how Tastes change. The Passion of this fair Huntress for these wild Diversions of the Woods, will reunite the two Branches of
 * *Baviere*, which have been long at Variance.

* Madame *de la Branche Palatine* was likewise a great Lover of Hunting.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVI.

Paris, December 24, 1688.

YOU have been informed of the Resolution made by Mr. *de Lausun* five or six Weeks since to go to *England*; he could not have made a better Use of his Time. He has not abandoned the King, at the Time when he was forsaken by all the World. On *Sunday* last, the 19th of this Month, the King of *England*, having taken his Resolution, retired to Rest in the Queen's Apartment, and sent away all those who still continued in his Service. About an Hour after, he arose from his Bed, and ordered a Valet de Chambre to admit a Man whom he would find waiting at the Door of the Antichamber, who proved to be Mr. *de Lausun*. He said to him, Sir, I recommend to your Care my Queen and my Son: It is necessary to hazard every thing, and to use your best Endeavours to conduct them to *France*. Mr. *de Lausun* thanked the King, as you may imagine, for giving him so great a Mark of his Confidence; and he desired that he might take with him a Gentleman of *Avignon*, named *Saint Victor*, who is well known, and has a great deal of Courage and Merit. He came, and took under his Cloak the little * Prince, who was said to be at *Portsmouth*, but was concealed in the Palace. Mr. *de Lausun* gave his Hand to the Queen. I must leave it to

I 4

your

* This Fairy Prince is reported to have been frequently conveyed in a like clandestine Manner, and concealed in the Palace.

your Imagination to represent to you the Manner of her taking Leave of the King. She was attended by two Women, whom I have named to you. As soon as they were got unobserved into the Street, they took a hired Coach. They went afterwards down the River in a little Boat, and were very much distressed by ill Weather. At the Mouth of the *Thames*, they put off to Sea in a little Yacht. Mr. *de Lausun* seated himself next to the Pilot, with a Design to have thrown him into the Sea, if he had proved a Traytor: But he, thinking his Passengers were Persons of the common Rank, such as he was used to carry, passed without any ill Intention, through a *Dutch* Fleet of fifty Ships, who did not observe this little Bark. Thus protected by Heaven, and by her mean Disguise, she landed happily at *Calais*, where Mr. *de Charost* received her with all the Respect you may imagine. A Courier arrived here Yesterday at Noon, and brought this News to the King, who related all these Particularities. At the same Time the King's Coaches were ordered to be sent to conduct the Queen to *Vincennes*, which is to be furnished for her Reception; and it is said that his Majesty will go out in Person to meet her. This is the first Tome of the Romance: The Sequel of it you shall have very speedily.

We have just now been assured, that to compleat the Beauty of this Adventure, Mr. *de Lausun*, after having safely put the Queen and the Prince into the Hands of Mr. *de Charost*, resolved to return with *Saint Victor*

Victor into *England*, to share the Fortunes of the King. I admire the Star of *M. de Lau-
sun*, which appears so obstinately determined to render his Name illustrious, when he was buried in Obscurity. This was a very noble and a very courageous Action; and what has rendered it compleat, is, his Return into a Country where he will probably feel the Re-sentment of the People for the Affront he has offered them.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

Paris, January 3, 1689.

THE King of *England* has been taken Prisoner, as he was making his Escape in the Habit of a Hunter. He is at present at * *Vital*; I do not know how to write that Word. He has his own Guards about him; and his Levée is attended by a great Number of Lords. He is treated with great Respect; but all his Motions are observed with the utmost Care. The Prince of *Orange* is at *St. James's*, on the opposite Side of a Park or Garden. The Parliament is soon expected to sit. May God conduct this Bark! The Queen of *England* is expected here on *Wednesday*: She is to come to *Saint-Germain*, that she may be nearer to the King, in order to receive the Marks of his Friendship and Affection.

The Ceremony of our † Brethren was performed on the First Day of the new Year

I 5

at

* *White-Hall.* † The Knights of the *Cordon Bleu*.

at *Versailles*. Mr. *de Coulanges* is returned from thence; he gives you a thousand Thanks for your entertaining Answer. I admired all the Thoughts in it, which were so well turned, and answered with so much Justness to what had been writ to you. This is what I never do to a quarter of the Letters that are writ to me, for I seldom give them a second Reading, and this I own is a Fault. He told me that this Ceremony was begun on the *Friday*, as I have already acquainted you. The *Marechal de Bellefont* was entirely ridiculous, because that either out of Modesty or Indifference he had neglected to wear Rubans on his *Chausses de Page*, the Want of which occasioned a perfect Nudity. The Assembly was very magnificent: Mr. *de la Trousse* made a very good Figure there. His Peruke was in great Disorder as he made his Entrance; one Side of it was turned quite behind, and discovered an enormous Breadth of Cheek; he made several Efforts to pull it forward, but could not overcome the Resistance: This Accident ruffled him a little. But in the same Line of View, Mr. *de Moncheville* and Mr. *de Villars* were grappled one with another with such a Fury, their Sword-Knots, Rubands, and Laces, were so blended and embarrassed, and all the little hooked Particles were so perfectly interwoven, that no human Hand could separate them. The more they endeavoured to disengage themselves, the more they were entangled. The Disorder was so great, that it put a Stop to all the Ceremony, and there was a Necessity of
tearing

tearing them afunder by Force; so the Strongest had the Advantage of carrying off some Trophies. But what entirely disconcerted the Gravity of the Assembly was, the Negligence of *d'Houquincourt*. His *Chausses de Page* happening to be made straiter than ordinary, his Linnen could not be perswaded to submit to this Confinement, notwithstanding his utmost Importunities: For he was conscious of the Figure he made, and in vain used all his Endeavours to reduce it into Order. At last, *Madame la Dauphine* could no longer forbear breaking out into a violent Fit of Laughter; the Confusion of the Knight was much to be pitied; even Majesty itself scarce stood unmoved at it. There was not to be found in the Registers of the Order an Example of so strange an Adventure. The King said in the Evening, *It was I alone, who kept the poor Mr. d'Houquincourt in Countenance; and, after all, the Fault was only in his Taylor.* This occasioned a great deal of Pleasantry. It is certain, my Dear, that if I had had my Son-in-Law with me, I should have been there with my dearest Daughter. There was a great deal of Room to spare; all the World expected to have been stifled; it happened, as it did at the *Caroussel*. The next Day there was at Court a splendid Appearance of Knights; such as were young and well shaped wore the *Cordon Bleu* over their Coats, the others were contented to wear it under. The Comte, at least in Favour of his Shape, might have taken the Liberty to wear it as
he

he pleased. You ought to let me know, who they are who have charged their Consciences with being responsible for Mr. de Grignan. I am informed, that there will be an Order for those who are absent to wear the *Cordon*, which will be sent them with the Cross; it was the Part of the Chevalier to acquaint you with it. This concludes the Chapter of the *Cordons bleu*.

L E T T E R CXXVIII.

Paris, January 11, 1689.

As for the Flight of the King of *England*, it appears plainly that the Prince of *Orange* was willing to connive at it. He sent *Roche* him to *Exeter*, whither he desired to go: There were Guards placed in great Order before the House where he lodged; but the Postern Doors were all left unguarded. The Prince had no Intention to take away the Life of his Father-in-Law. He is in *London* in the Place of a King, but without taking on him the Name. His Design is to re-establish a Religion which is good in his Esteem, and to maintain the Laws of the Country, without the Expence of one Drop of Blood. This is the very Reverse of what we thought of him; these are Points of View very different from what we apprehended. In the mean Time, the King does for their *English* Majesties Things altogether divine: For does he not appear like an Image of the Almighty in supporting a King, who is become a Fugitive,

gitive, forsaken and abandoned in the Manner he has been? His great Soul is pleased with performing so generous a Part. He went to meet the Queen with all his Court, and with a hundred Coaches and six in his Train. As soon as he saw the Coach which carried her Son, he alighted, and would not suffer that Infant, who is said to be as beautiful as an Angel, to be taken out of the Coach. He embraced him tenderly, and went immediately to meet the Queen, who was already alighted. He saluted her, and after having talked a little while with her, he placed her at his Right Hand in his own Coach; he presented to her *MONSEIGNEUR* and *MONSIEUR*, who were both in the same Coach, and brought her to *Saint-Germain*, where she is attended as a Queen, and supplied with all Kinds of Magnificence, besides a rich *Cassette* with six thousand *Louis-d'ors*. The King of *England* was expected the next Day, and his Majesty waited for him at *Saint-Germain*: He arrived there late, because he came from *Versailles*; at last the King went out to meet him to the End of the *Salle de Gardes*. The King of *England* stooped very low, as if he intended to have embraced his Knees; but his Majesty prevented it, and embraced him twice or thrice very cordially. They whispered together a quarter of an Hour. The King presented to him *MONSEIGNEUR* and *MONSIEUR*, the Princes of the Blood, and the Cardinal de *Bonzy*. He led him afterwards into the Apartment of the Queen, who with Difficulty restrained her Tears. They discoursed together

gether for some Time ; after which the King took his Leave. He refused to be reconducted ; and said to the King of *England*, This is your House ; when I come hither you will do me the Honours of it, as I shall to you when you come to *Versailles*. The following Day, which was Yesterday, Madame *la Dauphine* went thither, and all the Court. I do not know how they regulated the Point of allowing Chairs to the Princesses ; they had Chairs when they visited the Queen of *Spain*, and the Queen Mother of *England* was treated like a Daughter of *France* ; I will send you a particular Account of this. The King sent ten thousand *Louis-d'ors* to the King of *England*. He appears withered and fatigued. The Queen looks thin and lean ; her Eyes are black and very fine, but their Lustre is impaired with Tears ; she has a good Complexion, but a little pale ; her Mouth is large, and she has good Teeth ; she is well shaped, and has a great deal of Wit ; her Air is serious and sedate, and well becoming her Fortune. This Account, my Dear, is what you may subsist upon a great while in publick Conversations. You will have besides, a Paper of News from the Abbé *Bigorre*.

I have sent you a Description of the Festival of the *Cordons bleu*. If you have not taken Care to send the Formalities of your Profession of Faith, and the Testimonial of your Life and Manners, to the Secretary of State, who sent it you, you have neither a *Brevet*, nor the *Cordon bleu*. You have perhaps taken Care of it, and will laugh at me
for

for giving you this unnecessary Caution ; I hope it will prove so.

LETTER CXXIX.

Paris, Monday, Feb. 28, 1689.

THE King of *England* parted from hence this Morning for *Ireland*, where he is expected with Impatience, and where his Presence is more required than it is here. He will pass through *la Bretagne* like Lightning, and go directly to *Brest*, where he will find the *Marechal d'Estrées*, and perhaps Mr. *de Chaulnes*, if he can overtake him ; for the Post Chaise which the *Dauphin* has given him, will carry him very swiftly. He will find at *Brest* a Fleet of Ships and Frigates ready to set sail. He carries with him five hundred thousand Crowns : And the King gave him Arms for ten thousand Men. As he took his Leave of him, he said to the King, smiling, that he had forgot only one Thing, and that was Armour for his Person : The King gave him a Suit of Armour of his own. Our Romances do not furnish us with an Instance of greater Gallantry. What will not this brave, tho' unfortunate King perform with these ever victorious Arms ? I fancy I see him adorned with the enchanted Armour of *Rinaldo*, *Amadis*, or some celebrated *Paladin* ; I will not say of *Hector*, for he was unsuccessful. There was no Present proper to be offered to a Prince in his Circumstances, which the King did not make him : It is not possible

sible for Generosity and Magnanimity to be carried to an higher Pitch. Mr. *d'Avaux* is to embark with him; he parted from hence two Days sooner. You will ask, why was not Mr. *de Barillon* made Choice of to attend him? It was because Mr. *d'Avaux*, who has a perfect Knowledge of the Affairs of *Holland*, is more necessary to him than Mr. *de Barillon*, who is only acquainted with the Affairs of *England*. The Queen is gone to shut herself up in a close Retirement at *Poissy*; where she will be near the King, and in the Way of being speedily informed of every thing that passes. She is oppressed with Grief; and has some Symptoms attended with such Pains as it is feared will turn to the Stone. This Princess is very much pitied.

On *Sunday* the King of *England* gave the Order of the Garter to Mr. *de Lausun*: He read in a Church a Kind of Oath, in which the Ceremony of it consists. He put on him a Bandage somewhat resembling the *Cordon bleu*, and a *St. George*, which belonged to the late King his Father, which is set full of Diamonds, and is valued at ten thousand Crowns. He went to Madame *de la Fayette's* with these Ornaments: For while the King was with *MADAMOISELLE*, he had no Opportunity of shewing himself to her. Madame *de la Fayette* looked at the blue Ruban, and as she knew he had not the Order of *France*, she could not comprehend what was the Meaning of this Piece of Masquerade. However, she said nothing, nor he, for a pretty while:

At

At length, he fell a laughing, and related to her all that I have told you. That Prince must certainly think himself very much obliged to him, since he treats him in so handsome a Manner. The King told Mr. *de Lausun* that this Order which he had received, was no Exclusion from his Order. In case it should be so, that he may not wear the Ensigns of these two Orders cross-wise, he will wear the Order of *France* in the ordinary Manner, and keep the *St. George* on his Right Side, with the blue Ruban. The Birth of this Gentleman must certainly have been distinguished by some very unusual Omen.

L E T T E R CXXX.

Paris, March 12, 1689.

Monsieur *de Chaulnes* did the Honours of his Government to the King of *England* in Perfection. He had two Entertainments prepared for him upon the Road, one at Ten, the other at Midnight; the latter was at *Roche-Bernard* beyond *Nantes*. The King embraced him in a very friendly Manner; he had been formerly acquainted with him. Mr. *de Chaulnes*, in the Confusion he is frequently under on such Occasions, told him there was a Chamber ready for him, and offered to lead him to it; the King thanked him, and said, that he wanted only something to eat. He was conducted to a Hall where the Fairies had provided, in an
Instant,

Instant, a Supper ready served up, very fine Fish from the Sea, as well as from the neighbouring Rivers, and every thing besides with suitable Magnificence. There was a numerous Assembly of Gentlemen and Ladies. Mr. *de Chaulnes* offered to wait on the King at Table, but he would by no means consent to it; he made him sup with him, and several Persons of Quality. The King eat, as if there had been no such Man in the World as the Prince of *Orange*. He went from thence the next Day, and embarked at *Brest* about the seventh of this Month. What an extraordinary Genius is this Prince of *Orange*, if we consider, that he alone puts all *Europe* in Motion! What an uncommon Destiny! The other Day, Mr. *de la Feuillade* was extolling the Greatness of his Soul: Mr. *de Chandénier* said, that he should rather chuse to be the King of *England*: Mr. *de la Feuillade* replied very smartly, That is indeed like a Man who had rather live like Mr. *de Chandénier*, than like Mr. *de Noailles*. This *Repartée* made us laugh.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

Paris, March 18, 1689.

LET me beg a little Attention to this, my Dear: Do you know Mr. *de Bethune*, the * *Extravagant Sherpherd* of *Fontainbleau*, who has been nick named *Cassepot*? Do you remember how he is made, tall, meagre, with

* The Title of a Comic Romance.

with the Look of one not well in his Wits, pale and withered; in a Word, like a perfect Piece of *Quixotism*, such as he has since shewed himself? He lodged at the *Hôtel de Lione*, with the Duke and the Dutcheſs *d'Eſtrées*, Madame *de Vaubrun*, and Mademoiſelle *de Vaubrun*: This latter had been two Months at * *Saint-Marie du Fauxbourg Saint-Germain*; it was thought that the good Fortune of her Sister had made her a Nun, and that ſhe would have all the Eſtate. Can you imagine what this *Cafſepot* did at the *Hôtel de Lione*? He made Love, my Dear, Love to Mademoiſelle *de Vaubrun*. He being ſuch an agreeable Figure as I have deſcribed him, ſhe returned his Paſſion. *Benſerade* ſaid of her, as he did of Madame *de Vantadour* who loved her Husband: *So much the better; if ſhe can love him, ſhe cannot fail to love any other.* This Damſel of ſeventeen, I ſay, was in Love with this Don *Quixot*. He went Yeſterday with five or ſix of the Guards of Mr. *de Geſſers*, and broke open the Grate of the Convent. He enters the Convent, with one more to aſſiſt him; he finds Mademoiſelle *de Vaubrun*, who waited for him, he ſeizes her, he carries her off in a Coach, he brings her to Mr. *de Geſſers's*, he makes a Marriage with her acroſs a Sword, he lies with her that Night; and early in the Morning they both diſappeared, and they have not ſince been found. The old Saying may very well be revived upon this Occaſion; *Agnes and the dead Body are gone away together.* The Duke
d'Eſtrées

* A Convent.

d'Etrées exclaims against this Violation of the Rights of Hospitality. *Madame de Vrubrun* is for having his Head cut off. *Mr. de Gesvres* says, he did not know it was *Mademoiselle de Vaubrun* that he had this Design upon. All the *Bethunes* pretend to prevent any Process against One of their Family. I do not yet know what they say of it at *Versailles*. This, my Dear, is the Business of the Day; I need acquaint you with nothing more; here is nothing else talked of. What say you now to Love? I despise him, when he amuses himself with Persons of so low a Character.

LETTER CXXXII.

Paris, March 30, 1689.

M*R. de Lamoignon* has been concerned on all Hands in the Affair of *Mr. de Bethune* and *Mademoiselle de Vaubrun*. He is related to her, and to *Mr. de Gesvres*, who lent his Assistance in this scandalous Action. He flew to *Versailles*, and told the King, that as he was a Friend of *Mr. de Bethune*, he could not excuse himself from serving him. The King reprimanded him, and told him, that he did not give him the Government of *Paris*, to make such an Use of it. He asked Pardon, and his Majesty grew milder. As for *Mr. de Bethune*, he may consult his Safety in the best Manner he can; but if he should be taken, and proceeded against, there is none that has Interest enough with the King

to save him ; all the Family of the *Bethunes* will prevent him from offering himself to Justice. Mr. *de Lamoignon* has restored the Damsel to her Mother, who was ready to burst with Passion at the Sight of her. She says that she is not married ; however, she has lain two Nights with that villainous *Cassepot*. Some say she has been married four Months, and that she has writ to the King ; nothing is so extravagant as this whole Affair. The Duke *d'Etrées* is extremely provoked against a Man whom he lodged in his House so generously, and who had violated the Laws of Hospitality in so outrageous a Manner. The Duke *de Charost* and he had a Quarrel about it on the Festival of *Notre-Dame* : The Duke *d'Etrées* was a little violent in his Reproaches and Menaces, and did not use the civilest Expressions. The Duke *de Charost* sparkled with Rage, and said, If I had not been at the holy Communion To-day, I could tell you this, and this, and this, and more ; he added, as a parting Stroke, Had it not been for the fair * *Gabrielle*, my good Friend, you might still have remained in a low Rank. You have had seven Aunts, who were called the seven mortal Sins ; they are the best Proofs of your Nobility. The Duke *d'Etrées* was incensed in the highest Degree. Nothing was so pleasant as to hear the Duke *de Charost* utter all these Reproaches without perceiving it. We were observing last Night, that if this was his Stile on a Day of Communion, what would it have been on any other Day !

* *Gabrielle d'Estrées* was a Mistress of Henry IV.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Rochers, December 18, 1689.

DID not I do well, my dear Comtess, in sending you the Apostolical Billet of *St. Peter* to *Madame de Chaulnes*. You have made me observe, that he makes not the least Mention of the Holy Spirit in the Election of Popes. I had only remarked the sincere Acknowledgment he makes, that he owed his Exaltation to *France* and to the Ambassador; this only, together with the Praises and the Protestations of Friendship with which he honours our Dutcheß, seemed to me worthy of Attention. As for the Holy Spirit, I do not fear that he will be offended at his being so little celebrated in the Conclave. He knows very well, and we cannot be ignorant, how far, and how far only, he may be presumed to be concerned in it. We who are the Disciples of Providence are not to be deceived in this: We know by how many secret Ways, by how many Hands, and how many opposite Intentions, he brings about his own great Designs.

What say you to the Example the King has given in melting down his fine Plate? Our Dutcheß *de Lude* is in Despair about it; she has sent in all hers. *Madame de Chaulnes* has sent her Table and her Stands; and *Madame de Lavardin* her Plate that came from *Rome*, persuading herself that her Husband will never have any Occasion to return thither.

thither. Consider, my Dear, whether it will be proper for you to do any thing on this Occasion.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Rochers, April 26, 1690.

THE poor *Dauphiness* is dead at last, in a very melancholy and obscure Manner. *La Troche* has informed me of a hundred Particulars, which one has a Curiosity to know: As she designs to answer your Letter, she will perhaps oblige you with some of these Informations. The King and MONSIEUR were with her when she died. She asked a thousand Pardons of the King for the little Complaisance she had had; she would have kissed his Hand; he embraced her. Her Sobs hindered her from speaking to the *Dauphin*, who was not long in her Chamber. In giving her Blessing to her Children, she said, *And you too, my little Berry, though you have been the Cause of my Death.* It is found not to be so, and that she had received no Injury by his Birth. I wish it was in our Power to inform her, how much she was deceived. The King and all the Court is at *Marly* for fifteen Days. She gave forty thousand Francs to *Bessola*, and recommended him very warmly to the King. She gave a Diamond to MADAME, and a Ring of fifty *Louis-d'ors* to the *Marechale de Rochefort*. They are to go into Mourning only for six Months. I am ridiculous, my Dear, in telling you all these Things;

Things, which they write to you, as well as they do to me. I have been oppressed with Letters on this Subject; it seems as if all my Friends had been afraid that I should have been kept in Ignorance of it; it has been a kind of a Conspiracy amongst them. I cannot tell who will be made choice of to make her Funeral Oration. For my Part, I think there are but three Points to be spoken to; the Duke *de Bourgogne*, the Duke *d'Anjou*, the Duke *de Berry*. This will be a sufficient Panegyric for a *Dauphiness*.

F I N I S.

